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NOTES OF THE WEEK

In Parliament this week the land-tax crisis collapsed, and with it the Liberal Party. It is now generally accepted that the Government is safe for the rest of the session, and the Liberal Party unsafe for the rest of the century. The Government had the stronger nerve, and the Government won.

Meantime the British farmer will read with interest that the British Government, which is increasing taxation on land at home in order to eke out its own deficit, is making a substantial contribution to the relief of agriculture on the

Continent. Let me exhort the British farmer, so often exhorted by Mr. MacDonald and Dr. Addison to mend his ways and become efficient, to receive this good news in the spirit of Christian charity, for Mr. Henderson hopes that the money so spent will result in increased purchases—of British manufactures.

For my part, I will not pretend to believe what seems inherently improbable, except upon actual evidence. Why should the farmer in Westphalia or Styria purchase a British threshing machine or, for that matter, even a British safety-razor, simply because we lend him money? In the sacred name of Free Trade, he is surely entitled to spend his money where he likes—and Solingen is nearer home than Sheffield.

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From the personal point of view Lord Salisbury's decision to give up the leadership of the Conservative Party in the Upper House will be deeply regretted. At the same time, however, there is no doubt that on several occasions of late he has failed to carry his supporters. But for the difficulty of finding a generally approved successor, he would have retired many months ago, if only on the score of ill-health. Duty, however, held him to his post and would have kept him there, but for the fact of Lord Hailsham having shown himself competent to undertake the task.

As I predicted some time ago, Lord Irwin's successor in India was bound hand and foot to the Government policy before his departure. Indeed, I hear from high quarters that this was the price of his appointment. And it is not unreasonable. Was it likely that Mr. MacDonald and other members of the Cabinet, having bowed the knee to Mr. Gandhi, would appoint a Vice-roy determined to make him toe the line? Many were prepared to do so, but Lord Willingdon was prepared to do what he was told, and he will.

The Spanish Government seems to be asking for trouble in expelling the Primate from the country in so summary a fashion. Had it desired to make him a martyr it could hardly have gone about the matter differently, and it makes one wonder whether Señor Zamora and his colleagues have ever heard of Becket. Why the Cardinal was not stopped at the frontier I cannot imagine, and the whole business is another illustration of the tactlessness of the Spaniard in matters of this sort.

Even in the official communiqué of explanation, no specific charge is made against the Primate except that he returned to Spain without giving notice in advance. It is not, on the face of it, evidence of treason or conspiracy to wish to return home to diocese and duty.

Meanwhile, the increasing anti-clericalism of the Republic is leaving the ordinary Spanish Catholic no alternative but to work for the return of the monarchy; and if events continue as at present I imagine King Alfonso will require but a very short lease of any house that he may take in this country, for, in spite of recent happenings at Pamplona, I cannot take the prospects of the Pretender, Don Jaime, very seriously.

The demand of the Basque Provinces for autonomy is being regarded with a certain amount of apprehension in France, for there are Basques on both sides of the Pyrenees, and Paris has more than enough of this sort of trouble on hand in Alsace-Lorraine to wish for another separatist agitation in the South. When the Spanish Republic first came into existence a good many people thought it was to the advantage of France, but from the beginning I believed that the opposite would be the case, and so it is proving.

Judge Feetham's recommendations for the future constitution of Shanghai are even more cautious than was anticipated in the SATURDAY REVIEW of May 2, on the basis of his historical

survey of the problem. He emphatically rejects any idea of rendition, or even of local self-government under a Charter from the Chinese Government, which could never be a reality under present conditions. As I predicted, his recommendations are much on the lines of the Council's devolution scheme already in operation. Rule of law and "the establishment of authentic civil authority in Nanking" are indispensable prerequisites to rendition, the distance to which, Judge Feetham says, must be measured "not in years but decades."

Germany has passed through a critical week, and it is not yet possible to form an opinion on the Government's future. The publication of the Emergency Decree aroused a storm of indignant protest, and all parties are united in condemning the Government's financial policy. The Nationalist Opposition, which not long ago deliberately left the Reichstag, now clamours for its immediate convocation and talks indignantly of the undemocratic methods adopted by the Government. On the other hand, the legitimate mainstays of the parliamentary system, the democratic parties, wish to avoid a meeting of the Reichstag which would precipitate the downfall of the Government.

The situation could not be more paradoxical, and it is a depressing symptom that the crisis is being exploited by some politicians for the attainment of petty party advantages. Meanwhile the general feeling of insecurity and apprehension is being increased by the unusual activity of the Communists, who are taking advantage of the opportunities offered to their propaganda by the wave of pessimism at present sweeping the country.

The outcome of the Chequers conference remains shrouded in mystery. Herr Bruening's and Herr Curtius's visit to England gave rise to exaggerated and unjustified hopes which must unavoidably lead to disappointment and increase the prevalent feeling of despondency. It was rashly assumed by many Germans that Anglo-German friendship automatically entailed an anti-French orientation of British policy, and it is probable that these Germans will raise the cry of "perfidious Albion" when it is realized that our attitude towards France has not changed.

The German contention that the seriousness of the Reich's economic situation is not sufficiently appreciated in England may be partly correct, but, on the other hand, the difficulties confronting the British Empire are by no means understood in the Reich. Encouraged by the Chequers visit, many Germans hope that Great Britain will not only take the initiative in bringing about a radical revision of the Young Plan, but will even set an example to other creditor countries by making unilateral sacrifices. It is unfortunate that such unfounded hopes are allowed to continue to exist.

The exposure of the Australian constitution is now complete. The Premiers of the States have decided what must be done to save Australia, and the Commonwealth Government has only to carry out their decisions. It happens, indeed,

that the policy agreed upon has split the Government's party. No matter; the support of the opposition will do just as well. The question arises, however, why Australia has a Federal Government at all, and when economic conditions are easier it will have to be answered.

Now that we know what full democracy means, we may well sigh for the old House of Commons which got the best men by the worst methods. Mr. Baldwin made his contrast between then and now out of personal knowledge of only one side of the case. But it is somewhere recorded that Mr. Gladstone, who entered politics not, indeed, as member for old Sarum, but as a peer's nominee, declared near the end of his life that things would have turned out much the same if Parliament had remained unreformed.

I have always been mildly sceptical of what feminists call "the sex war," but it looks as though that opinion will have to be revised. In the quiet village of Tiszazug, in Hungary, there has lately been an extraordinary mortality among men, and in the last eighteen months no fewer than thirty-one women have been brought to trial for poisoning their husbands, sons, and lovers in order to get possession of property.

There must be some special reason for the outbreak, one would imagine, for mere cupidity, as Nurse Cavell said of patriotism, is not enough. No doubt a good many women everywhere would like to get rid of their husbands (perhaps with good reason) and lovers they have tired of, but very few mothers, one imagines, really want to put their sons out of the way.

In any event, women seldom proceed to the full extremity. A doctor once told me that almost every general practitioner knew of at least one case of undiscovered murder, at any rate a case in which suspicion was so strong as to be virtually proof; but he added that almost all these undiscovered murderers were men, not women, in spite of the fact that women have more opportunities in that direction.

Al Capone, "the best-known man in America," according to a recent schoolboy competition, is probably going to prison for a year or two for defrauding the Government of £45,000 income-tax. Thus ends the reign of an almost mythical figure who has yet managed to bulk larger in the news we receive from America than anything else.

To the law-abiding Englishman, the most amazing part of the passing of Al Capone is the fact that he goes to prison for income-tax frauds, and not to the electric chair for murders without number. We can still pride ourselves that had he lived in this country one murder would probably have been enough to dispose of him, and he would certainly never have earned enough to trouble the income-tax authorities.

I note with interest that Archbishop Downey has mentioned, apparently with approval, the case of a poor woman who brought him £100 as a contribution to Liverpool Cathedral with the remark, "Whenever I give anything to God I get it back." Within a few days the donor had won £100 in the Irish sweepstake.

The theological implication of this remarkable study in cause and effect I leave, of course, to the Archbishop. But on looking up the precedents I find it recorded that Pope Clement XII carried the matter a good deal further. He not only ran a lottery in the Papal States, but excommunicated those of his subjects who took tickets in the rival lotteries of Geneva and Naples. Perhaps the new Liverpool Cathedral Fund will take the hint.

Phil Scott, the heavyweight boxer, lay down the other evening after only four minutes' fighting, and then walked off to collect his share of the proceeds, amounting to £1,000. Although the crowd booed him, and the next morning's papers screamed for his resignation, I cannot help thinking that the laugh is with Phil Scott. Even he must be amazed at the number of times great crowds have been drawn to watch him drop gently on his knees and roll slowly over, for a thousand or so a roll.

Lord Beaverbrook's portrait of Lord Oxford in his new series of memoirs, now being published in the *Daily Express*, is written in the style and with something of the spirit of Tacitus. It is severe in statement, more particularly in its grave and measured statement of "his complete detachment from the spirit of the struggle and his instability of purpose"; but when I come to ask myself if it is unjust, I cannot honestly answer in the negative.

This portrait, at once restrained and remorseless, will no doubt be denounced by Mr. Spender and the other survivors of the old Liberal guard, who once absurdly labelled Asquith as a new Cromwell and a younger Pitt. The truth is, as one who respected Asquith on this side idolatry saw him, that he was a great judge, with all a lawyer's acumen and judicial impartiality, but equally with a judge's lack of passion as he contemplated the parties to the case.

In this particular instance the parties to the case were France and Germany, with Britain intervening; and Mr. Asquith, as he then was, hardly seemed to understand that in war, unlike law, time is of the essence of the matter. He was a great gentleman and a great patriot, but at bottom he was not a man of action.

I am interested to see the Methodist Churches declare that there is no bar in principle to a woman entering their ordained ministry—an attitude in which they differ from both the Anglican and Roman Communions. But women, being an unreasonable sex, are more interested in practice than principle, and I presume that they will want to know what definite reception a woman will have who offers herself as a candidate for orders.

A correspondent, of an enquiring turn of mind, writes to ask if there is any prospect of the National Mark being extended from eggs and meat and cider to Fleet Street; and he suavely suggests that it would help the public in their choice of churches and theatres to attend if a National Mark were attached to these institutions also. These high matters are beyond me; perhaps a joint conference of the Newspaper Proprietors Association, the Church Assembly and the Stage Guild will consider the matter.

THE FILM CRISIS

THE American film industry is undergoing the worst crisis it has known in its stormy history, a crisis compared with which the depression immediately before the coming of the talkie was a relatively minor affair. Economic conditions in the United States are, of course, partly responsible, but there are other factors of the first importance. One, which could have been foreseen, is that the talking picture has narrowed the appeal of the screen, previously universal, and has helped to stimulate production in other countries, just at a time when Hollywood is especially dependent on a market outside America. Another is the significant experience that a bad or mediocre talkie, now that the novelty of sound has entirely worn off, tends to be a bigger box-office failure than a bad silent picture, with the result that the industry has become more of a gamble than ever, while putting sound into pictures has greatly increased production costs. The condition of the American industry can be gauged from the fact that one of the largest producing concerns, which, as is the general practice, owns a considerable number of theatres, has decided to throw two hundred films on the market, although the summer is the worst time to sell. But it is considered preferable to cut the loss without delay rather than to hold on in the eventual hope of a better price, and lose still more money in the meantime.

It may be asked : What have the troubles of Hollywood to do with England ? The answer is that they concern us very seriously. The United States are still far and away the largest film makers in the world—they supply this country with over three-quarters of its requirements—and if Hollywood gets into a hole, our industry cannot escape the consequences. In order to reduce production costs, the American industry is trying to impose on native exhibitors the so-called "single-feature programme," i.e., one containing only a single long picture, although it may have three or four news reels, films of the semi-educational type, and short comedies. Hollywood is also trying to force the single feature on British exhibitors, who do not want it, but may be compelled to accept it, since any marked slowing down of the American output is almost certain to lead to a shortage of pictures available.

Here, again, it may be objected, the people chiefly concerned in this country are the theatre owners. But the matter goes far deeper. The salvation of the British film-producing industry was the legislative compulsion to show a gradually increasing quota of British pictures, which saved our studios from almost complete extinction. The quota gave British makers such a chance that the native film is to-day often a much bigger box-office success than the Hollywood product, while a large proportion of our theatres are now showing double the quota requirements, not out of patriotism, but because it pays. What is still more important is that the British film has for the first time secured a footing both in the Dominions and on the Continent—not in the United States, where the door

is still firmly bolted and barred—and this must ultimately be a potent factor in fighting the "boosting" of America at the expense of our own prestige, which has been one of the results of Hollywood's domination of the screens of the world.

From the outset, the American film industry, behind which, it should always be remembered, stand American banking and the American electrical industry, has done its best to sandbag the quota scheme. If Hollywood can succeed in forcing British exhibitors to adopt the single-feature programme, the result will be an automatic reduction of the number of quota pictures required to comply with the law, since the quota does not set up any fixed number, but merely provides that a fixed minimum percentage of the total length of feet of film shown in a year must be British. Having regard to the policy adopted by Hollywood in recent years, it does not seem unreasonable to assume that advocates of the single feature have not forgotten that its adoption would mean the obligation to show fewer British pictures.

There is another aspect of the situation of which the public knows next to nothing. When the talkie first demonstrated that it had become a "business proposition," the United States not only started with a monopoly of sound pictures themselves, but also with a virtual monopoly of the apparatus required to make and show them. They lost no time or opportunity to abuse that monopoly, a procedure that, so far as England was concerned, was rendered the easier because the difficulties of our producers were added to by the immense losses incurred on silent pictures that they could either not market or for which they had to take any price they could get. Hollywood even went to the length of blackmailing our exhibitors by refusing to lease them the pictures they wanted unless these were shown on "approved," i.e., American, projecting apparatus. That particular form of action in restraint of trade, to which the attention of the Government was drawn, apparently belongs to the past, but the American producers are still charging exorbitant prices for their wares, through insistence on a system of leasing pictures only in return for a percentage of the total gross receipts that may involve the exhibitor in loss even if his box-office takings are in themselves satisfactory. It requires no mathematician to realize that the more the exhibitor has to pay for American pictures, the less money he has available for English films, a factor that has handicapped British producers, few of whom have so far made enough money out of talkies to recoup themselves for their losses on silent pictures. That is another reason why any development that reduces the quota may have the most serious consequences. Having regard to the enormous possibilities of the screen for propaganda, in the widest sense of the term, those consequences will not only be of national, but also of imperial importance.

THE END OF LIBERALISM

THAT the Liberal Party perished by its own hand last Tuesday evening is a fact that we do not imagine any great number of our readers will dispute. It is true that the patient had for some time been in a very poor state of health, and that the treatment prescribed by the physician in charge of the case, repeated doses of tactics in increasing strength, was obviously most unlikely to effect a cure; but, nevertheless, the sudden impulse to suicide was unexpected, especially as for a few days previously a revival of self-confidence had been noted by those best qualified to express an opinion. All that remains now is to await the verdict of the coroner, though whether this be one of *felo-de-se* or of suicide during temporary insanity is really of little moment. The ghost of the deceased may for a time haunt the lobbies of the House of Commons, but Liberalism itself is now a corpse.

There have been in the course of human history many occasions when parties have deliberately courted disaster for what they believed to be right, and though they have suffered extinction they have retained respect for the stand they made. Such is not the case with the Liberal Party under the leadership of Mr. Lloyd George. The only reason why the Liberals did not vote against the Government on Tuesday was because they knew that to do so would be to precipitate a General Election, and that would produce a Conservative majority. In other words, they have eaten dirt for no other purpose than to keep in office an administration which, on their own admission, the country does not want. Is this the cause for which Hampden died in the field and Sidney perished upon the scaffold?

When the present Parliament was elected no inconsiderable number of people were of opinion that it marked the end of the old two-party system, and there were gloomy forebodings as to the consequences. The behaviour of Mr. Lloyd George and his followers has revived all the electorate's preference for the old order, for the third party, the Liberals, has done nothing but get in the way, and the discredit into which the Parliamentary

System in this country is falling can be very largely laid at the Liberal door. The antics—for its policy does not deserve any more honourable title—of that party have given to politics an air of complete unreality, and in this respect the climax was reached last Tuesday. To be willing to wound and yet afraid to strike, to assert a principle and then give in, is assuredly not the way to hold a balance, and if the news of these proceedings has yet reached the Elysian Fields, we would give a good deal to hear the comments of Mr. Parnell on the latest manœuvre of Mr. Lloyd George. When the Irish leader cracked the whip, he did so to some purpose, and if there was any yielding to be done, it was the Government that gave way.

What distinguishes the Liberals of to-day from those of yore is that the former compromise on their principles. At by-election after by-election the country has shown quite unmistakably that it is tired of the present Government, and is desirous of getting rid of it; and yet the Liberal Party, which believes above all others in government of the people by the people, for the people, is continually obstructing the wishes of the electorate. Moreover, Liberalism does not believe in Marx, and yet, to keep its opponents on the Right out of office, it is prepared to meet Socialism three parts of the way. There has been nothing so scandalous in British politics as the present unholy alliance between Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Lloyd George.

From the Conservative point of view, however, the position is not without its compensations. It is, no doubt, annoying to see a Government retain office by such subterfuges, but it is reassuring to know that, in politics as in biology, it is impossible to propagate the species by unnatural intercourse; in other words, the longer Socialists and Liberals work together the fewer of either there will be in the next House of Commons. A coalition, like a mule, has neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity, and it is with this reflection that Conservatives must console themselves if they have to remain in the wilderness a little longer.

ITALY AND THE BALANCE OF POWER

BY BENITO MUSSOLINI

SINCE the day that the vessel of the prophetic Italian, Christopher Columbus, opened up to the world the immense territories and the boundless horizon of the New World, by a singular paradox, this planet of ours, the earth, has almost doubled its known extension materially, and at the same time it has spiritually diminished.

The old geographical charts, the early cosmography and the world maps of famous foreign cartographers, and especially of the Italians, showed vaguely marked regions; and, since they were vague, subject to the wildest outbursts of imagination. Iceland was the "ultima Thule," certain places in Africa were defined by the Latin phrase *hic sunt leones*, "here are lions"; one knew no more than that. But after Columbus came the epoch of the great explorers. The two Americas, Central Africa, Australia, both Polar regions, emerge as real entities from the cloud

of the unknown. And soon after this era of discoveries came the other scientific era of the transformation in the means of transport. Steam, with the railway and steamship, electricity and the motor engine, with the automobile and aeroplane, by their vertiginous speed have brought near, that is to say, restricted, the world.

Until a few centuries ago, absolute supremacy in the civil history of humanity belonged to that continent alone which the geographers called Eurasia. One romanced about the mythical Atlantis, and on the borders of Africa and Asia, Egypt had yielded immense gifts to civilization, but, outside Egypt, all the story of man had evolved between Asia and Europe. Europe especially had occupied for thousands of years the part of sole protagonist. And from this glorious monopoly of hers, after the downfall of the Roman Empire, she only profited by

dividing herself into different nationalities and enemy States, which fought and tore one another to pieces without ceasing.

The unity of the white race, and the solidarity of the Occidental, has, however, changed in a most unexpected and grandiose way, far away from the original little Europe, on the territory of the new North American continent. It is a great example, that which the United States has given to the world, of the strength and vitality of our white race, which is capable of assimilating and moulding itself into a gigantic crucible, thus forming a united front for our race against the menace of the black and yellow peoples.

The intervention of America in the Great War was also symbolical from this point of view; it showed that she was conscious of her blood relationship with Europe and the ties which unite her with Occidental civilization, although later she withdrew from the Council of the League of Nations in Geneva, which, indeed, she had helped to found.

Certainly, the abstention of the United States, of Russia and of Turkey from the Council has weakened the prestige and importance of the functions of this Council. As in every institution human in general and international in particular, it has certainly become a new camp for competition and emulation, in which the interests of each nation are vigilantly guarded. These are the legitimate interests of multitudes of men, of major and minor nuclei of peoples, united into States; interests which are, therefore, highly respectable, when they struggle not to let themselves be imposed upon by others; and also humanly, politically and historically compatible, even though they sometimes tend to impose on the interests of States or groups of rival States.

In the bosom of the League of Nations no one ignores the fact that the struggle from the beginning has been specially strong between the British group, composed of England and her Dominions, and the French group, with its more or less satellite States which revolve on the same orbit. Italy, since the birth of Fascism, on account of her special historical, political and also her geographical position, has always held a position apart from these two primary nuclei—the Anglo-Saxon and the French. Facts prove also that, since the beginning of Fascism, she has always looked upon her position as a task of the highest responsibility in the interests of justice and international equity, and of balance of power and peace. She accentuates her role of wise equilibrium all the more to-day since Germany entered the League of Nations. Noteworthy also is the way in which Italy always upheld that Germany must come in, with equal moral and civil rights, in order to restore, without exceptions, the spiritual unity of Europe.

On the other hand, one of the undeniably great advantages of Geneva is that it gives rise to periodical, frequent and lasting contracts between many representatives responsible for the policy of the various States. And this is a great thing, since every Government thus acquires a better understanding of the policy of other Governments, of the reasons which inspire it and the rights or prettexts that it covers. This produces a general clarification of relations between them.

Three burning questions were dealt with during the most recent session of the League of Nations at Geneva; there were the last echoes of the polemics for the Naval Agreement, then they turned to the question of the Pan-European customs union, proposed by M. Briand, and they then brought up the problem of the customs union between Germany and Austria.

As is the case with all parliaments, even the best of them, the Assembly of the League of Nations also has the tendency to delay common to all representative assemblies. Instead of tackling, and pos-

sibly solving, problems, she suffers from an invincible temptation to shuffle and postpone, and finally to send them back and suspend them. This is partly due to a just care to obtain the opinion of experts on technical questions; for the most part, however, it is also due to a lack of courage in assuming definite responsibility.

Many people believe that time gained is already a result, and if this is true as regards certain burning questions of the day, that are more easily settled when the atmosphere is more serene, there are instead other questions which become more and more thorny and intricate as time passes.

As a general rule, it is a fact that the lapse of time usually aggravates even small and relatively simple questions.

Let us hope, anyway, that in the special case of the proposed customs union between Germany and Austria, the period of waiting, the months lost on account of the meeting to decide the new jurisdiction of the arbitration tribunal of the Aja, will all help to introduce a greater facility for solutions and agreements.

Meanwhile, the network of customs and commercial agreements in Europe becomes more and more interesting. The nations of the Little Entente are bound together by reciprocal needs of exchange and by the economic fluctuations of the commercial balance of the markets. There are, of course, ethnical differences between them and differences of temperament, both personal and political, but they have also interests in common, common hopes and common fears, for which reason it is natural that they should watch with the greatest anxiety the rivalry that divides the great powers, and which affects, or can affect, them closely. Influence in the Balkans is the stake of many big games.

By her conduct at Geneva, and thanks to the commercial and customs treaties which her Government has concluded with Austria and Hungary, Italy has shown that in the play of the various competing nations she can take a well-balanced part, resisting every claim of unjust greed and supporting every fair and honest aspiration to independence.

Since Italy, alone among the great neighbouring nations, has no financial speculations to push, no excess capital to invest, no violent impulsion of overproduction to unload in these regions, and, still less, no dreams of expansion and military conquest, she is not attached to one group of interests any more than another. The economic policy that is suggested to her by her productive capacity and the needs of her markets is singularly in accord with theirs. She must buy just the things which abound in many of these Balkan countries, and she can sell just what they lack. In general, and above all, she only wants recognition of the prestige which is due to her great, age-old and recent culture, and to her good influence for moderation and measure in the play of contrary forces, at times in contrast with each other.

She thus co-operates with all so that no continental supremacy of any kind may prevail among the States of Europe in any exclusive and suffocating way. History teaches us that similar supremacies, or claims to exclusive supremacy, always constitute a grave danger for world culture and for peace, even though advanced and sustained, in all good faith, under the form of laws or unions between various States or groups of States, in which one predominates over all the other minor States.

For her policy of responsibility and of firmness in keeping her promises and of unwavering loyalty in her friendships, it is natural that Italy should appear to the neighbouring Oriental Europe like a powerful lighthouse, towards which all the sincere friends of peace may turn.

TOWARDS A FIVE YEAR PLAN FOR ENGLAND

BY REGINALD BERKELEY

In the sphere of economics, most people's thoughts must be running frequently in the direction of the Russian Five Year Plan and the practicability of devising and carrying out some form of national planning suitable to the economic system in which we live. Indeed, it is difficult to resist the conviction that some concerted action is necessary if an economic system based on private profit is to survive competition with the successful pioneering of a system from which private profit has been eliminated. It is too early to speak with confidence about the ultimate issue of the Russian scheme; all that one can record is that the "control figures" of production were in the first year exceeded and have since been maintained at a level which, in the opinion of the organizers, justifies the expectation that the plan will be carried out in four years instead of five. The recent lengthening of the working day shows two things: the arising of difficulties in the maintenance of output, and a determination to overcome them. It is worth while recalling, moreover, that the Five Year Plan is only the first instalment of a long-term scheme of forward planning contemplated by the Soviet authorities, whereby their predominantly agricultural community will be transformed into a community predominantly industrial, the industrial population being recruited from the land without diminishing the yield of agricultural produce by large-scale mechanization of agriculture, such as is already successfully and economically practised on the vast new State farms—notably the "Gigant," with an area of over half a million acres, the per acre yield of which, in 1930, was more than half as much again as under peasant cultivation at 25 per cent. lower cost.

The industrial population of Russia before the putting into operation of the plan was about one and a half millions. By the end of the five years it is expected to be about four millions. What it will be ten years later, if economic progress should be maintained, or even not greatly reduced, can be roughly estimated from the fact that the population of Russia is about 160,000,000, and is increasing at the rate of 4,000,000 a year. About a quarter of our population are available as workers in any one year. Applying the same standard we may say there are 40,000,000 potential workers in Russia, most of whom at present are concentrated on the land, but at least half of whom are available, with the collectivization and mechanization of agriculture on a large scale, to go into industry. It is absurd and unnecessary to panic about Russia. It is equally absurd to refuse to recognize the possibilities.

The possibilities are somewhat serious. In a world of falling price levels, the "fundamental task of the Five Year Plan," says one of its originators, M. Grinko, "*to the solution of which all other questions of industrial development must be subordinated*" (my italics), "*is the reduction of production costs by no less than 35 per cent. during the five year period.*" Even when it has been stated that Soviet costs of production were, as they admit, higher than the costs of other countries, the reduction figure aimed at is, in the truest sense of the word, portentous; and what makes it in addition notable is the fact that in grain production it has been already more than half reached.

Leaving Russia for the moment, and turning to our other industrial competitors, the recently published unemployment figures for Italy are significant. Italy has barely seven hundred thousand unem-

ployed—this at a time when Germany has four and a half millions, France seven hundred thousand wholly unemployed and more than a million on part time, to say nothing of the concealed industrial unemployment in her vast standing army, the United States in the neighbourhood of nine millions unemployed, and Great Britain two and a half millions. Italy is the one industrial country in Europe (outside of Russia) that has made a 10 per cent. cut throughout the nation to cheapen working costs. In Russia, it should be added, according to the statements of M. Litvinov at the League of Nations, there is no unemployment.

The steps taken by Italy to cheapen production we know. The intentions of the United States are not absolutely clear. Professor Sprague, of the Bank of England, lately gave it as his opinion, based on his recent visit to America, that the policy of the banking community there was to let manufacturing costs fall to the agricultural price level, which in the long run seems sensible, seeing that one of the main causes of America's lack of internal prosperity is due to the inability of primary producers to market their output at prices commensurate with the high price level of manufactured articles, created by the tariffs. The position of the grain growers of the United States, who depend for their prosperity to a considerable extent on their foreign sales (Great Britain being a buyer to the extent of £25,000,000 in a normal year), furnishes incidentally an interesting illustration of what might befall the export industries of this country, in the event of a general raising of prices here by the imposition of a tariff.

All things considered, it seems inevitable that the level of world prices will tend to fall rather than rise—a powerful factor being the operation of the Russian Five Year and subsequent Plans. The wages battle has already begun in France and Germany; and there are signs of it beginning in Great Britain. Wage battles, however, can only lead in the long run, and perhaps even in the short run, to serious industrial discontent, ultimately to stoppages, and even to worse evils. No doubt some such effect is definitely contemplated by the Soviet leaders as the result of their policy. Through industrial chaos they hope to bring about world revolution. This is no mere attribution of motive on my part; it is the declared political end of the Five Year Plan and its successors, proclaimed in *Pravda* when the plan was begun, and reaffirmed by Grinko in his book.

An examination of the main factors in the present industrial stagnation in Great Britain yield material on which large-scale and long-distance planning might well be based. For a variety of reasons, British commodity costs are just so much above the world price level that British goods in general cannot profitably be sold. The main quantitative factor in costs is, of course, labour. Labour charges bear with increasing weight on industry in time of slump. But before hastily deciding that the remedy is wage cuts and a reduction of the standard of living, it is proper to determine whether some radical factor, other than the temporary depression, may not be operating, and whether it be making itself felt only through the wage bill. Such a factor undoubtedly exists in the progressive appreciation of sterling during the last ten years, which has been piling every year an increased burden on industry. All fixed capital charges have gained in weight by nearly 30 per cent. The burden of wage costs has also increased, though by less owing to certain nominal

wage reductions. Moreover, the burden of taxation has heavily increased, quite apart from nominal variations, by a gain in the deadweight of the National Debt (due to the same cause), which, before the present slump, was calculated by Sir Josiah Stamp to amount to £1,500,000,000, and which today must be enormously greater.

Quite obviously it is fantastic to expect labour to agree to wage cuts unless the burden of capital on industry can also be fairly adjusted. That is the problem which anyone or any group or government setting out to make a plan must solve. The advocates of a low tariff attempt to solve it by the rise of the internal price level which they claim would follow the tariff, thus bringing about, *pro tanto*, an indirect devaluation of the pound. There are two serious objections, apart from the conventional (and very real) objection of handicapping the export trades and shipping services, doubly disadvantageous in the case of a country obliged by its local conditions to import extensively. These are the restriction of purchasing power and depression of the standard of living; and the inevitable tendency of wages to lag behind prices on the upward grade. There are many other well-known objections, of which considerations of space forbid the repetition.

Why, however, adopt the defeatist policy of trying to detach our price level from the world's price level, instead of boldly attacking the world price level and driving ours below it? As the experience of Italy has shown, a level cut of costs and prices throughout the nation need have no terrors for anyone,

since the purchasing power of all remains the same. It has been doubted whether in a democracy, as distinguished from a dictatorship, a plan of such a kind could be carried out, there being no compulsion. Setting aside the question of compulsion, which, after all, as our war experience tells us, can be just as effective in a democracy as in any other State, is it beyond the wits of government, labour and industry to initiate an agreed national reduction? If all are willing to bear a nominal sacrifice, none need give up the smallest fraction of the purchasing power he now enjoys. Indeed, with the impetus to productivity, an increase of purchasing power national and individual is to be looked for.

It is calculated that our costs are roughly 10 per cent. above the world level of prices. A reduction of costs of the order of 10 per cent. would put us back industrially to the position we occupied in 1929, one of relative prosperity. From that point there seems no reason why further planned national "cuts" over a term of years should not drive our industrial costs well below those of other countries, without impairing our standard of living—indeed, with benefit to it.

There are obstacles, mostly psychological, the chief of which is the operation of the party system in politics. But politics are overdue for reform. There is nothing insuperable in the situation; nothing that cannot be met with constructive thought and good-will. Industrial chaos is our present lot. Industrial planning offers at best a new lease of prosperity, and at the worst a definite improvement.

NAVIGATING THE STRATOSPHERE

BY PROFESSOR A. PICCARD

EXPERIMENTS with a view to estimating the effects of the cosmic rays which reach the earth from other parts of the universe have been made for some time at the physical laboratory of Brussels University, and as the earth's atmosphere is a considerable obstacle to these rays, it occurred to me that these experiments could be made much more accurately if we could get outside that atmosphere. Thanks to material help from the national fund for scientific research and to the disinterested assistance of my collaborators, I was able to carry out my plan.

I reckoned that the balloon would ascend at the rate of 3 metres a second, but, owing to a combination of circumstances, and especially to the shape of the balloon, we attained an ascensional speed of between 8 and 9 metres a second. The Swiss Aeronautical Federation has officially stated that we reached a height of 15,781 metres.

My travelling companion, M. Kipfer, and I decided that we would endeavour to reach an altitude at which the atmospheric tension would be only one-tenth of what it is on the earth's surface. At the highest point we reached, our barometer marked 76 millimetres, which is just one-tenth of the usual reading on the sea.

We thus attained our object. A higher altitude could no doubt be reached by the exercise of human ingenuity and daring, but such experiments would be attended with many difficulties. If, for instance, the object was to reach 21,000 metres, a balloon twice as big would be needed, and this would add considerably to the cost. Even with my balloon, which measured 55 metres from top to bottom, the undertaking was complicated and very dangerous, and would be still more so with a larger balloon. Personally I have no intention of taking part in any more expeditions of this kind.

M. Painlevé, the celebrated French mathematician, has expressed a hope that my pioneer attempt will result in still larger balloons and regular flying laboratories being sent up into the stratosphere to make observations and experiments. I believe that if this is done the explorers will have a good many technical problems to solve. The total weight of my instruments did not exceed 200 kilos, but it was only through a favourable combination of circumstances that we escaped without serious accident.

Going up is a critical business, and coming down still more so. My companion and I were carried about for many hours in our aluminium laboratory without knowing what would happen to us. If our balloon had not begun to lose gas, and if, after sunset, it had not come down on the top of a mountain covered with snow, we should probably have been suffocated, as our oxygen supply was nearly exhausted when we opened the air-tight porthole. It was lucky for us that no air-current made itself felt during our landing. If this had happened, our metal prison might very well have been dashed against a rock or a precipice. After the ascent, and when we were at a height at which the air is greatly rarefied, we were astounded to observe that one of the gadgets outside was not properly closed and that we were constantly losing air. To prevent the escape of oxygen, which was indispensable to our lives, we had to stop the leak as best we could.

The real purpose of our expedition, the measurement of cosmic rays, was not completely attained, but we were able to satisfy ourselves beyond the slightest doubt that the force of this radiation increased to a marked extent the higher we went. Apart from this, our journey provided us with many curious facts. We proved that navigation in the stratosphere is possible, and, in view of the constant improvement in technical equipments, it will no doubt

become easier. This is of special importance to aeroplanes, which would be able to travel at terrific speed in the absence of air resistance.

One of the most unpleasant features of travel in the upper regions is the fall in the temperature. While one side of the balloon was superheated, the other was frozen. The lowest temperature we registered in the stratosphere was between 55 and 60 degrees centigrade below zero, while inside the car

the thermometer marked 41 degrees above zero. Observations in the stratosphere might be of the highest importance to astronomy if it were possible to do away with the oscillations of the balloon or the aeroplane in which the astronomers travelled. On the other hand, while many astronomical observations are rendered very difficult, if not impossible, by the moisture in the earth's atmosphere, this obstacle does not exist in the stratosphere.

LITERARY VIGNETTES—II

By WILLIAM GERHARDI

AT a literary tea party, where the most strenuously besieged person was Margaret Kennedy, just then resting on the laurels she had won with "The Constant Nymph," a curiously untidy person in a morning coat, which bore evidence that he had put it on under protest, came up to me, with a very fetching grin on his face and a curiously girlish, hysterical voice. I guessed immediately that he was D. H. Lawrence. He at once conveyed to me his disapproval of nearly everybody else in the room, and this, coupled with his jolly sort of approval of my "Polyglots" and a lot of advice as to what I should avoid as a writer, all proffered in the most cheerful way, surprised me agreeably, since I had imagined Lawrence to be a disgruntled individual. He told me I had an absolutely original humour; that I should eschew sentimentality like poison; and that he thought I displayed an uncalled-for fear of death. Though feeling that nothing could be more baleful for the natural development of my own talent than the influence of that great rough force contorted into soured rhetoric, I nevertheless said to him at once, feeling that the occasion demanded it: "You're the only one we younger men can now look up to." He lapped it up, grinning with an air which suggested that he agreed with me, and later remarked to someone else how pleasant it was to have met an intelligent man.

Lawrence took me across the room to introduce me to his wife, who, interrupting her conversation with another woman, beamed at me very largely and said: "What do you make of life?"

"Come, come," said her husband.

Our discussion continued for several hours. Lawrence's idea of immortal life was not something which would start after death, but a living reality within us going on even now, all the time, though intermittently clouded over by the illusion of time. He grew enthusiastic. Anything true to its own nature, he declared, was immortal. And his eyes expressed a gleam of self-satisfaction, certainly not immortal. A cat bristling his fur, a tiger in his fierceness. . . . He stopped, a little troubled. I nodded comprehendingly.

We talked of Katherine Mansfield and Middleton Murry, whom, Mrs. Lawrence told me, they regarded as children to be helped out of their troubles. I regretted that Middleton Murry, so sensitive and understanding a critic, should be himself devoid of any talent whatever; and D. H. Lawrence sneered: "I should have thought it was the only thing he had."

Mrs. D. H. Lawrence, when you first set eyes on her, is the type of woman to gladden your heart. A real German Hausfrau, you say to yourself, suit him down to the ground, the intellectual, incompetent husband! The reality, however, is the reverse of this. Mrs. Lawrence dislikes housework; her husband excels in it. Lawrence, a beam on his face, which was like a halo, brought in the dishes out of the kitchen, with the pride of a first-class

chef in his unrivalled creations: no, as if cooking and serving your guests were a sacrament, a holy rite. When I told Lawrence of my friendship with Beaverbrook, he astonished me by the intensity of his depreciation. Why should I allow myself to be patronized? Why should I, a messenger of the spirit, acknowledge Caesar? I, on the other hand, urged that the Holy Ghost in me prompted me to treat Caesar with that extra grace which the spirit can so easily lavish on the flesh—providing always that Caesar does not take unto himself that which is not Caesar's. But Lawrence demurred. If I wanted money, why not write articles for the magazines? He sat down and there and then wrote me a letter of introduction to Lengel of the *Cosmopolitan*. Authors, he implied, had been known to get on without the boosting of newspaper proprietors. "And even with it," I said. "But why see any harm in the genuine interest in me of a charming newspaper proprietor, himself half a genius, who obviously cannot cherish an ulterior motive in regard to me?"

"Because," Lawrence insisted, "he hates you."

"Come, come," I said.

"I don't say he hates you personally," Lawrence contended. "But these men, they're like vampires. When they see an immortal soul they hate it instinctively." His eyes gleamed. "With a terrible black hatred, and instinctively try to annihilate what is immortal in you."

At which remark Mrs. Lawrence trembled with rage and expressed her agreement with some violence, which seemed to me a waste of effort, since if she had met Lord Beaverbrook she would undoubtedly have bowed to the man's extraordinary charm. D. H. Lawrence, wincing at this display of superfluous emotion, said quietly: "Not so much intensity, Frieda."

Mrs. Lawrence, perhaps living up to the elemental naturalness of her husband's heroines, replied: "If I want to be intense, I'll be intense, and you go to hell!"

"I'm ashamed of you, Frieda," he said. Whereupon Frieda's hatred for Lord Beaverbrook transformed itself into hatred for her husband, and was soon a spent cartridge.

There was in Lawrence a real passion, a real longing to adjust his feeling about things to the enduring, the immortal side of life, intimated to us in fitful glimpses of Nature. Lawrence's revelation of animal life, his landscapes, and his human portraits, are nearly always beautiful, original, powerful and moving. They are spoilt sometimes by needless reiteration prompted, one suspects, by a sort of gauche adolescent vanity—"I'll do it again, I will, if only to annoy you." He is like a man who wants to show off his strength with a great big hammer and proceeds to drive the nails too far, and spoils the woodwork somewhat. Then testing it: "It's strong," he says, and walks away swinging the hammer. Lawrence told me he liked his books while he wrote them, but hated them the moment

he saw them in print. I am not surprised. His bitterness is the reaction of a proud spirit subjected from an early age to social and bodily humiliations. His inauspicious birth caused him to exert his strength fully as a rebel with little humour left to dispose of as a free man. Hence his hatreds, his insistence on his need of "blood contact" with the lower classes, as if it were not the inadequacy of all human contacts which throws one back on oneself, and makes the artist. Social self-consciousness, when it becomes articulate and tries to explain and justify itself, is a nuisance.

Everything I told Lawrence about the writers I had met seemed to provoke a kind of savage satisfaction in him, a grunt confirming his worst suspicions about the man. But when I mentioned Shaw, the passion and indignation which inspired his remarks evaporated completely. He said, with a disdain which did not pay Mr. Shaw the compliment of being positive, a mere absence of interest, a mere negative: "Are you interested in sociology? I'm not!"

With all his cheerful simplicity, his strength, his instinctive preoccupation with the real meaning of life (which is to "evade," as Tchekov says, "to circumvent the unreal, the shallow, gratuitous, phantom-like which prevents us from being happy"), there was withal something superfluous, something gawky and left-handed about Lawrence. His

humour was defective. Yet, like so many people whose humour is poor, he prided himself on his tremendous sense of fun. "I wish," he wrote to me, "we created a *Monthly Express*, out of various anatomies, to laugh at it all. Just a little magazine to laugh a few things to death. 'The Big Toe Points out the Point or Points in Point Counter Point'—and so on. Let's make a little magazine, where even the liver can laugh." Hardly first-rate.

It is not perhaps what a writer sees that matters in the end, but the "smell" he exudes. Zola also thought he saw the truth, and that it needed saying. Where is Zola's "truth" to-day? Where Lawrence's "truth" will be to-morrow. One writer's "truth" is in the end as problematic as another's. It's the taste, the smell of his writing, which matters. And I cannot help thinking that D. H. Lawrence has a "smell" about him which is unsatisfactory.

I heard of Lawrence's death, one morning, as I happened to look in at the office of a New York publisher. "Is that true?" I asked, and I was thinking that at last he had severed the tortuous cord of his thoughts, which now went on and on, coiling and winding on their own; while the publisher, note-book and pencil in hand, addressed in insistent whispers the deceased author's agent: "Is there anything? A completed book? No? Any unfinished manuscript that could be issued as a novel?"

THE RUSSIAN OPERA

By FEODOR CHALIAPIN

MANY people who come to my recitals look at me through rose-coloured glasses. They have heard me sing before. I have had a long career, they expect something good, and so they are not hypercritical. But it is as important now as when I made my debut that I should not appear before them half-prepared, careless, because I know my reception will be cordial and my applause generous. That is a danger to which not a few artistes succumb after success; perhaps the greatest danger of all.

How long and how careful the preparation for a platform appearance must be depends on the construction of the music and the theme of the song. Say it is a psychological theme on which I have to sing—a love song. I learn carefully the construction of the piece, but the main inspiration must be spontaneous—I must sing it from my heart, not just from my mouth like an automaton.

But it is when I take part in some historical piece that I have to work hardest. It is often my task to represent to the living present some great character of the dead past. From the records of the time I learn all I can about him. I must know of his life, habits, friends, vices, virtues, surroundings, the manners and customs of his time and generation, the dress and characteristics of his age. I put the clock back hundreds of years, and step into a former era.

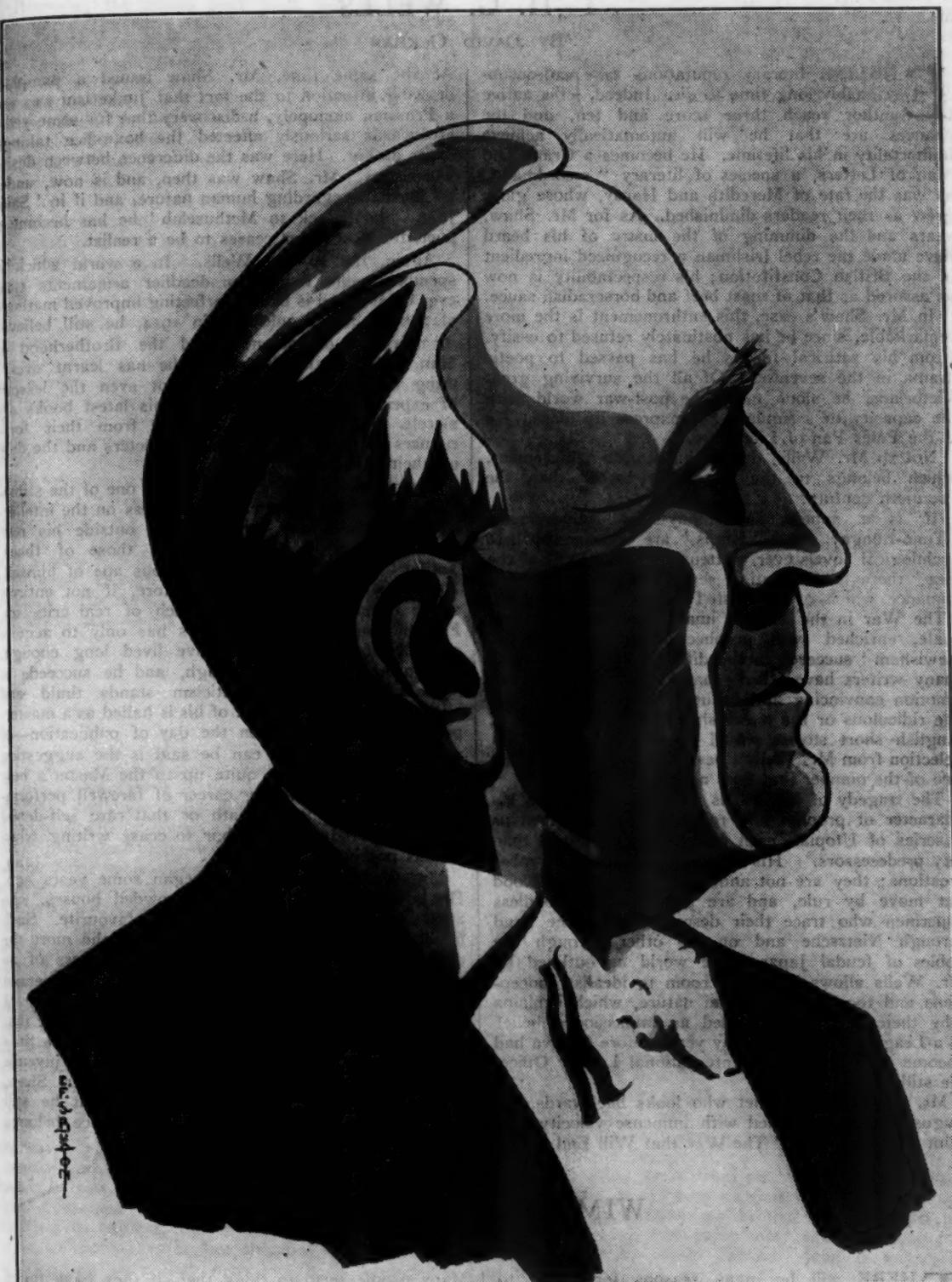
The interpretation of historic characters cannot, however, be left merely to the imagination. They do not come to one by inspiration only. Mr. Lloyd George is inspired when he speaks, but mere inspiration does not give him the facts or figures on which he bases his speech—it simply enables him to express his ideas more forcibly. So it is with the artiste; he must submerge his own individuality, assume the cloak of the character, spend weeks in

research, and visit museums and libraries, until at last he is ready to rehearse his part.

Rehearsal shows up the flaws in the personation. Then, too, the orchestra and the artiste must be *en rapport* before success is assured. The audience at an opera get their enjoyment not from listening to the singer, but from the combined effect of orchestration and vocalization, which it has taken many weary hours of practice to perfect and bring into union.

Much, of course, depends on the leader of the orchestra. Some are good, some are bad. Some are full of *amour propre* and empty of talent. Some listen sympathetically to the artiste, others irritate him with cynicism or the methods of the martinet. The younger ones are generally most adaptable. In Paris, at the Russian Opera this year, I met for the first time M. Steiman, who is also conducting during my London season this year. He is a kindred spirit, I liked him from the first; we can talk together and between us get the best results out of the orchestra. The Lyceum orchestra itself, chosen by Sir Thomas Beecham, is the best I have heard in this country. Beecham, in fact, is one of the few men who come near to understanding music. Nobody, of course, understands it entirely; for music, like imagination, is a thing intangible and of the spirit.

But the orchestra is not the only thing. The stage scenery and the general effect of the proscenium must be carefully considered. An artiste is influenced by his surroundings—particularly the Russian, whose temperament is volatile and apt to respond more readily than that of other nations to external circumstances. It is part of Russian nature and tradition to be as impulsive and responsive as children in our reaction to Art and Beauty.



CHALIAPIN

PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE IN THEIR DAY

I—H. G. WELLS

By DAVID OCKHAM

ENGLISH literary reputations take an unconscionably long time to die. Indeed, let a native author reach three score and ten, and the chances are that he will automatically achieve immortality in his lifetime. He becomes a Grand Old Man of Letters, a species of literary "recordman," as was the fate of Meredith and Hardy, whose glory grew as their readers diminished. As for Mr. Shaw, years and the dimming of the lustre of his beard have made the rebel Irishman a recognized ingredient of the British Constitution; his respectability is now as assured as that of roast beef and horseradish sauce.

In Mr. Shaw's case, this enthronement is the more remarkable, since he has obstinately refused to ossify. From his satirical forties he has passed to poetic drama in the seventies. Of all the surviving great Victorians, he alone faces the post-war world with the capacity to assimilate and express its ideas. He is the Peter Pan of Literature.

Not so Mr. Wells, despite his superb achievement, which belongs to the nineteenth rather than the twentieth century.

It is a superb and many-sided achievement. 'Tono-Bungay' and 'Kipps' are among the best sociological novels ever written. In 'The Lady of the Sea' there is a haunting sense of that beauty and romance which never existed but will always exist. 'The War in the Air' is imagination on the grand scale, enriched with prophecy. 'Love and Mr. Lewisham' succeeds in the difficult task at which so many writers have failed—that of making adolescent emotion convincing and beautiful without a trace of the ridiculous or the mawkish. And no anthology of English short stories would be complete without a selection from Mr. Wells's best, even if there is hardly one of the number that does not date.

The tragedy of Mr. Wells is that he dates. In his character of prophet and reformer, he has given us a series of Utopias, each more arid and unreal than its predecessors. His New Worlds are robot creations; they are not animated by flesh and blood but move by rule, and are governed by bloodless supermen who trace their descent on the one hand through Nietzsche and on the other through the nobles of feudal Japan. The world as outlined by Mr. Wells allows too much room to idealist conceptions and too little to human nature, which explains why their creator manifested an impassioned belief in a League of Nations many years before Geneva had become the home of the International Labour Office. He still has that belief.

Mr. Wells is a prophet who looks backwards. In August, 1914, he rushed with immense velocity into print with a tract on 'The War that Will End War.'

At the same time, Mr. Shaw issued a pamphlet drawing attention to the fact that Junkerism was not a Prussian monopoly, a discovery that for some years afterwards seriously affected the box-office takings of its author. Here was the difference between desire and reality. Mr. Shaw was then, and is now, under no illusions regarding human nature, and if in 'Saint Joan' and 'Back to Methuselah' he has become a poet, the poet never ceases to be a realist.

Again, not so Mr. Wells. In a world which is spending more money on deadlier armaments than ever before, and is busily perfecting improved methods of mass-homicide unknown in 1914, he still believes in universal disarmament and the Brotherhood of Man. Unlike the Bourbons, he has learnt everything and forgotten nothing, not even the lessons of experience. In the result, his latest books are merely revised versions, differing from their fore-runners by the names of their characters and the date on their title pages.

Twenty years ago Mr. Wells was one of the stimulating minds of the age. His impress on the intellectual life of his day, his influence outside his own country, have been greater than those of Ibsen. To-day he has become the sedulous ape of himself. He is an institution, and therefore, if not entirely above criticism, beyond the reach of real criticism. For an English man of letters has only to acquire a sufficient reputation, to have lived long enough, and to have published enough, and he succeeds to a halo before which criticism stands timid and abashed. Every new book of his is hailed as a masterpiece—to be reviewed on the day of publication—of which the worst that can be said is the suggestion that it is possibly not quite up to the Master's best work. So begins a long career of farewell performances, ended only by death or that rare self-denial which may induce an author to cease writing when he has nothing more to say.

Mr. Wells's farewell tour began some years ago. He is still playing nightly to crowded houses, who applaud the performance of an old favourite. Such fidelity does honour to the public, but the more the stage continues to be occupied by the stars of an earlier period, the greater is the difficulty experienced by the younger generation desirous and deserving of its due share of the limelight; there is the danger that they may continue to be cast as supers because their grandfathers cling obstinately to the rôle of juvenile lead. That rôle can still be entrusted to Mr. Shaw, since we have every right to assume that he still has something to say. But his importance belongs to the present as well as the past.

WIMBLEDON AGAIN

By CHARLES DAVY

THERE will be many reasons for going to Wimbledon next week, even for those who have been fairly often before. It is true that one Wimbledon is very like another, and that many well-tried performers can be seen playing the same strokes, with the same relative degree of success, year after year. But first-class lawn tennis remains one of the best games in the world to watch, and "upon the lawns of the All-England Club," as the agreeably archaic announcements persist in saying, it can be watched under the pleasantest conditions.

Many people seem to think that, if they have failed to secure Centre Court tickets, it is not worth going; they are afraid that they will have to stand for hours in a queue and that even then they will see very little. Actually, during the first week, there is plenty of excellent play to be seen simply by paying three shillings at the gate and walking in.

During the first week, too, the garden party atmosphere at Wimbledon is seen at its best. There may be less dramatic excitement, but there is more leisure, more variety. You can really almost believe

that lawn tennis is still a recreation and not a series of nerve-wracking battles with the prestige of nations at stake.

However, the tennis next week will be arduous enough. The entry is as good as ever, and once again players from all over the world will be pursuing the coveted championships that we so hospitably provide for our foreign visitors. Last year our hospitality was such that no English player reached the final of any event, but this year we may very possibly be rather less accommodating. Thanks to Austin, Perry and Hughes, we have reached the European zone final of the Davis Cup competition—our best performance, relatively, since pre-war days—and there is no reason why these young men, who are certainly playing better now than they ever have before, should not do equally well at Wimbledon, particularly as Austin and Perry have earned the useful compliment of being "seeded" in the draw. In Dr. J. C. Gregory, too, we have another young man, of commanding physique, who is capable, on his day, of beating any player living. Gregory has not been able to play much this year, but a week ago he won the Beckenham tournament, so that he has evidently not lost his form.

Once again, France and America will supply our most dangerous rivals, and much will depend on whether Cochet has fully recovered from his recent attack of influenza. Of last year's American finalists, Tilden has turned professional and Allison is not coming over, but in their place America has sent us two of her latest Davis Cup players, Frank Shields and Sidney Wood, who are both clearly in the very front rank, though their form on Wimbledon grass remains to be seen. Shields reached the final of the singles in last year's American Championships, and

was then only beaten by Doeg in a terrific fourth set that ran to 30 games. Wood has been here before, three or four years ago, but he was then almost a schoolboy, who astonished Wimbledon by appearing on the Centre Court in flannel knickerbockers. He is still very young, but he has given up his knickerbockers and proved that his game is now mature.

Plenty of other countries will be strongly represented, notably Japan and South Africa, but as we have already beaten both these countries in the Davis Cup we need not fear them unduly. A French-American final in the men's singles must be anticipated; otherwise one of the finalists should be either Austin or Perry—which would mean a very big crowd indeed on the decisive day.

In the women's events our prospects are, perhaps, even brighter now that Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody, after a portentous series of family conferences, has definitely decided that the claims of her husband (whose opinion does not appear to have been made public) are to prevail over the claims of a visit to Europe. This may be Miss Nuthall's year, or it may be Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall's, or Miss Heeley's, or Miss Mudford's—we have plenty of potential women champions. Certainly, we must remember that Mme Mathieu won the British Hard Courts Championship at Bournemouth last month, and that in Paris the other day Fräulein Aussem beat Miss Nuthall fairly easily in the final of the French Championship. Fräulein Krahwinkel is another German danger, and the flashing half-volleys of Senorita de Alvarez may upset any prediction. But it will be disappointing if we do not provide at least one of the finalists in the women's singles, and in the women's doubles one or other British pair will probably start strong favourites.

LA SAINTE-VIERGE

By DAPHNE DU MAURIER

IT was hot and sultry, that oppressive kind of heat where there is no air, no life. The trees were motionless and dull, their drooping leaves colourless with summer dust. The ditches smelt of dead ferns and long-dried mud, and the grasses of the fields were blistered and brown. The village seemed asleep. No one stirred among the few scattered cottages on the hill-side; strange, uneven cottages, huddled together for fear of loneliness, with white walls and no windows, and small gardens massed with orange flowers.

Even a greater silence filled the fields, where the pale corn lay heaped in awkward stacks, left by some neglectful labourer. Not even a breeze stirred the heather on the hills, lonely treeless hills, whose only dwellers were a host of bees and a few sequestered lizards.

Below them the wide sea stretched like a sheet of ice into eternity, a chart of silver crinkled by the sun.

Away from the hills, towards the scattered houses, was a narrow, muddy lane leading to nowhere. At first it seemed one of those shy, twisting lanes, tempting to explore, that finish in a distant village or an unknown beach, but this one dissolved into a straggling path that soon lost itself among tall weeds. In a sheltered corner of the lane Marie was washing her linen in a pool.

The water looked like a basin of spilt milk, white with soft soap, and the clothes lay limp upon the slippery stones. Marie scrubbed hard, scornful of the heat, her black hair screwed behind her head in a tight knot; now and again she brushed away with an impatient hand the streaks of perspiration that trickled from her forehead.

Her face was thin and childish, rather plain and

pathetic, and though she was twenty-three she looked little more than seventeen.

There were tired lines under her eyes, and her hands were rough and uncared for. She was a typical Breton peasant, hard-working and reserved, whose only beauty was her youth, which would quickly pass.

When the Breton women are in sorrow they show no grief upon their faces, they would rather die than let their tears be seen; thus Marie bore no trace of the pain that was in her heart.

She was thinking of Jean, her husband.

She lived for him; there was nothing else in her life. She was a woman who would love but once, and give everything. There was no part of her body and soul that did not belong to him; she had no thought and no wish beyond his happiness. He was her lover and her child. Yet she never told him this, she did not even understand it herself.

She was ignorant and unintelligent; it was only her heart that knew.

"He is going away from me," she was thinking, "he is going in his boat on that terrible sea. Only a year ago now since my brother was drowned in the sudden gale that came after the hot weather. I am afraid, so terribly afraid. Jean is ashamed of me; he thinks I am not fit to be the wife of a fisherman."

"I cannot help it. The coast is dangerous, more dangerous than anywhere else in Brétagne. And these storms—the mists—the odd currents. Jean is rash and he loves danger, he does not mind. If he could be safe and return to me unharmed, I would work my fingers to the bone."

Every few months Marie would go through this agony, when Jean and the other fishermen went to sea and stayed for ten days without sight of land.

The weather was uncertain and storms were frequent; the frail boats stood very little chance against a heavy sea. "I must not let him see I am afraid," she said to herself. "He cannot understand it, and I irritate him."

She paused in her work and sank back upon her heels. Her throat was dry, and she had an aching, sick feeling below her heart. It would be terrible to be alone without him, worse than it had ever been before. Something was going to happen. If only she had not the feeling that something was going to happen. The sun shone down upon her uncovered head, and she was aware of her great weariness.

There was no one near her, and through the trees the village looked dusty and lifeless.

The linen lay in an untidy heap by her side. What did it matter whether it was clean or dirty?

She closed her eyes, and was filled with a sense of unbelievable loneliness.

"Jean," she whispered. "Jean."

From across the fields came the sound of the chapel bell striking the hour. Marie sat up and listened, and over her face came a strange smile, a smile in which hope and shame and forgetfulness were mingled. She had suddenly remembered the Sainte-Vierge. In her mind she saw the figure in the chapel, Notre Dame des Bonnes Nouvelles, with L'Enfant Jésus in her arms.

"I will go this evening," she thought. "When it is dark I will go to the Sainte-Vierge and tell her my trouble. I shall ask her to watch over Jean when he is at sea." She rose to her feet and began to lay her washing in the basket.

Her memory of the chapel had stopped the sick feeling in her heart, and as she walked through the fields and the village she was conscious only of her weariness. When she had left her basket in the cottage, Marie went down the hill to the harbour, where she hoped to find Jean.

She walked towards a group of men who were standing on the edge of the quay, by a heap of old nets and discarded sails. Jean was among them, laughing and talking. Marie felt so proud as she looked at him.

He was a good head taller than any of the others, with great broad shoulders and a mass of dark hair.

She ran forward, waving her hand. Jean's eyes narrowed as he saw her, and he muttered a curse under his breath. "Shut your mouths," he said to the other men, "here comes the child." They laughed awkwardly and some of them began to move away.

"What are you doing down here?" asked Jean.

"It is settled then that you sail?" said Marie breathlessly. "What time do you leave?"

"At midnight, so as to catch the tide," he replied. "But listen here, I must have supper early to-night, as there are a lot of things I have to do. Jacques here wants me to help him with his boat."

He winked at the young fisherman next to him, who carefully avoided Marie's eye.

"Yes," said the lad, "that's right," and strolled away towards the beach. Marie did not notice anything, but the sick feeling had begun again in her heart.

"Come away," she said to Jean, "I have something to tell you." He followed her rather unwillingly up the hill.

They paused half-way, and turned back to look at the sea. The heat of the afternoon had passed, and in about four hours' time the sun would sink below the horizon.

The sea shone like splintered silver, while westwards beyond the beacon streams of burnt clouds were massing in a purple haze. Down in the bay some children were bathing, and the sound of their

voices and splashes floated up to the hill. The gulls wheeled and screamed around the harbour, searching for food.

Marie turned away, and climbed towards the village. She had a vivid mental picture of the sea, and was aware that it was the last time she would look at it with Jean. Subconsciously, in the depths of her being, she consecrated the spot.

Jean spat out the fag end of his cigarette; he was not thinking of anything.

Theirs was the last cottage beyond the village shop—a funny little white place with a prim garden. Marie went straight to the living-room, and began to lay the supper things on the table.

She went about her work mechanically; she had no idea of what she was doing.

There was only one thought in her mind—in a few hours he would be gone.

Jean's shadow loomed in the doorway.

"You were wanting to tell me something?" he asked. Marie did not answer for a moment. Her love for him was so great that she felt it would choke her if she spoke. She wanted to kneel at his feet, to bury her head against him, to implore him to stay with her. If only he would understand to what depths of degradation she would sink for his sake.

Everything she had ever felt for him came back to her at this moment.

Yet she said nothing, and no sign appeared on her stolid little face.

"What is it?" he asked again.

"It is nothing," she answered slowly, "nothing. The Curé, he was here to-day, and hoped you would see him before you go."

She turned to pick up a plate, conscious of the lie, conscious of her failure.

He would never know now.

"I will see," said Jean, "but I don't think there will be any time. This boat of Jacques'—and the nets." He left the rest unfinished, and went out into the garden. The next few hours passed rapidly. After supper Marie washed up the things, and put away her clean linen. Then she had her mending to do, mostly things for Jean.

She worked until it became too dark to see, for she was very thrifty and would not use a lamp. At ten o'clock Jean came in to say good-bye. "May I come with you and help Jacques with his boat?" she asked.

"No, no, you will be in the way," he replied quickly. "We cannot work and talk as well."

"But I will not say a word."

"No, I won't have you come. You are tired, too; it is this heat. If I know that you are here in bed I shall be happy, and think about you."

He put his arms round her and kissed her gently. Marie closed her eyes. It was the end of everything. "You will be careful, you will come back to me?" She clung to him like a child.

"Are you mad, you silly girl?" he said, and he laughed as he shut the door and left her. For a few minutes Marie stood motionless in the middle of the room. Then she went to the window and looked out, but he was already out of sight. It was a beautiful evening, very clear and bright, for there was a full moon.

Marie sat down by the window, her hands in her lap. She felt as if she were living in a dream. "I think I must be ill," she said to herself. "I've never felt like this before."

There were no tears on her cheeks, only deep shadows in her eyes. Slowly she rose to her feet, and after putting a shawl round her head and over her shoulders, she opened the door and stepped outside. There was no one about, and everything was quite still. Marie slipped through the garden

and crossed the lane. In a few minutes she was running across the field that led to the chapel.

The Chapel des Bonnes Nouvelles was very old, and was no longer used for services.

The door remained open day and night, so that the peasants could go in and pray when they wanted, for they always felt a little in awe of the new church at the end of the village. Marie pushed open the creaking door, then paused to listen.

The chapel was quite deserted.

Through the low window by the altar the moon shone now and again, lighting the nave.

There had probably been no one inside for days. A few leaves lay on the rough stone floor, where they had blown in from the open door.

The white-washed walls were grimy, and great cobwebs hung from the rafters in the roof.

Hanging by nails on the wall, on either side of the altar, were gifts presented by the peasants who had prayed there.

Roughly carved models of ships, pathetic little toy boats, brightly coloured balls, and strings of glass and wooden beads.

They had lain there for many years, perhaps, and were covered in dust.

There were even a few wedding wreaths, now old and faded, given by the brides of long ago. All over the walls were inscriptions written in pencil, prayers and thanksgivings to Notre Dame des Bonnes Nouvelles, "Mère, priez pour nous." "Notre Dame des Bonnes Nouvelles, sauvez mons fils qui est sur mer."

Marie went slowly to the rails and knelt down. The altar was bare of flowers, and alone in the centre stood the figure of the Sainte-Vierge. Her golden crown was crooked on her head, and covered in cobwebs. Her right arm had been lost, and in the other she held the little figure of L'Enfant Jésus, who had no fingers on His hands. Her robe had once been blue, but the colour had come off long ago, and it was now a dirty brown. Her face was round and expressionless, the face of a cheap doll. She had large blue eyes that looked vacantly before her, while her scarlet cheeks clashed with her cracked painted lips.

Her mouth was set in a silly smile, and the plaster was coming off at the corners.

Round her neck she wore string upon string of glass beads, the offerings of the fishermen, and someone had even hung a wreath over her baby's head. It dangled sideways and hid his face.

Marie knelt by the rails and gazed at the Sainte-Vierge. The figure was the most beautiful and sacred thing in her life. She did not notice the dust and the broken plaster, the toppling crown and the silly painted smile—to Marie she was the fulfilment of all prayers, the divine mother of the fishermen. As she knelt she prayed, not in words but in the thoughts that wandered at will through her mind, and her prayers were all for Jean, for his safety and his return.

"Oh! Mother," she said, "if it is wrong for me to love him so much, then punish me as you will, but bring him safely back to me."

"He is so young and brave, yet helpless as a child, he would not understand death."

"I care not if my heart breaks, nor if he should cease to love me and should ill-treat me, it is only his happiness I ask, and that he shall never know pain or hardship."

A fly settled on the nose of the Sainte-Vierge, and brushed a scrap of coloured plaster off her cheek.

"I have put all my trust in you," said Marie, "and I know that you will watch over him when he is at sea. Though waves shall rise up and threaten his boat, if you protect him I shall have

no fear. I will bring fresh flowers every morning and lay them at the feet of the petit Jésus."

"When I am working in the day I will sing songs and be gay, and these will be prayers to you for his safety. Oh! Mother, if you could only show me by a sign that all will be well!"

A drip of water from the roof fell down upon the Sainte-Vierge and left a dirty streak across her left eye.

"It was very dark now. Away across the field a woman was calling to a child. A faint breeze stirred in the trees, and far in the distance the waves broke dully on the shingle beach.

Marie gazed upon the figure until she drooped from weariness, and everything was blurred and strange before her eyes.

The walls of the chapel lay in shadow; even the altar sank into nothingness.

All that remained was the image of the Sainte-Vierge, her face lit up by a chance ray of moonlight. And as Marie watched the figure it seemed to her that the cracked, painted smile became a thing of beauty, and that the doll's eyes looked down upon her with tenderness and love. The tawdry crown shone in the darkness, and Marie was filled with awe and wonder.

She did not know that it shone only by the light of the moon. She lifted up her arms and said: "Mother of pity, show me by a sign that you have heard my prayers." Then she closed her eyes and waited. It seemed an eternity that she knelt there, her head bowed in her hands.

Slowly she was aware of a feeling of peace and great comfort, as if the place were sanctified by the presence of something holy.

She felt that if she opened her eyes she would look upon a vision.

Yet she was afraid to obey her impulse, lest the thing she would see should blind her with its beauty. The longing grew stronger and stronger within her, until she was forced to give way. Unconscious of her surroundings, unconscious of what she was doing, Marie opened her eyes. The low window beside the altar was filled with the pale light of the moon, and just outside she saw the vision.

She saw Jean kneeling upon the grass, gazing at something, and there was a smile on his face, and slowly from the ground rose a figure which Marie could not see distinctly, for it was in shadow, but it was the figure of a woman. She watched her place two hands on Jean's shoulders, as if she were blessing him, and he buried his head in the folds of her gown. Only for a moment they remained like this, and then a cloud passed over the face of the moon, and the chapel was filled with darkness.

Marie closed her eyes and sank to the ground in worship. She had seen the blessed vision of the Sainte-Vierge. She had prayed for a sign, and it had been given her, Notre Dame des Bonnes Nouvelles had appeared unto her, and with her own hands had blessed Jean, and assured him of her love and protection. There was no longer any fear in Marie's heart; she felt she would never be afraid again.

She had put all her faith in the Sainte-Vierge, and her prayers had been answered.

She rose unsteadily from the ground and found her way to the door. Once more she turned, and looked for the last time at the figure on the altar.

It was in shadow now, and the crown was no longer gold. Marie smiled and bowed her head; she knew that no one else would ever see what she had seen.

In the chapel the Sainte-Vierge still smiled her painted smile, and the vacant blue eyes gazed into

nothing. The faded wreath slipped a little over the ear of L'Enfant Jésus.

Marie stepped out into the evening. She was very tired and could scarcely see where she was going, but her heart was at peace and she was filled with a great happiness.

* * * * *

In the corner of the narrow field, sheltered by the chapel window, Jean whispered his desire to the sister of Jacques the fisherman.

THE THEATRE THE UNCOMMERCIAL DRAMA

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

On Dramatic Method. By Harley Granville-Barker. Sidgwick and Jackson. 5s.

I Want! By Constance Holme. Grafton Theatre.

IN an article, signed "C. D.", in a recent *Daily Telegraph*, this country was described as "the laughing-stock of the theatre-loving nations." The writer added that "not only are we out of touch with the best work done abroad," but "we do not appreciate, we even deride, the best work done at home"; that "the ingredients of nine English successes out of ten are 'conventional themes, ingenuous sentiment, and boisterous infantile humour'; and that his advice to every English dramatist who aspires to make a livelihood by writing plays, is: 'Write, if your line is 'straight' stuff, for an average mental age of 15; if you deal in girl-and-music shows, then the average age is 12.'"

And to think that, when I read those words, I was about to offer very different counsel to our younger playwrights, and to bid them read, mark, learn and inwardly digest Mr. Granville-Barker's lectures on Dramatic Method! . . .

A glance at the list of Mr. Granville-Barker's plays (it is printed in this volume) goes a long way towards confirming the humiliating summary and cynicism of "C. D." It establishes the fact that Mr. Granville-Barker is an eminent, but not commercially successful, dramatist. It suggests that, if he preaches what he practises, the Society of Authors ought to put these lectures on their Index Librorum Prohibitorum. Still, I doubt if they will do much harm. It is unlikely that those dramatists whose ambitions are purely commercial will read this book. The mere list of contents will effectively deter them. 'The Natural Law of the Theatre'—that sounds far too intellectual; and should they feel tempted to glance at 'A Word About Form,' the italicized words *Agamemnon* and *Rosmersholm* will immediately confront them, and the book will be quietly but firmly closed.

The really astonishing thing is that, though we are (as "C. D." says) "the laughing-stock of the theatre-loving nations," these thoughtful, interesting and readable lectures on Dramatic Method are considered, by a well-known firm of publishers, economically worth printing. What is one to make of the fact that our commercial managers are almost forced to put on rubbish if they want to avoid bankruptcy, while there is a public for a book consisting of an erudite discussion of "Shakespeare's Progress," a commentary on Wycherley and Dryden, and a chapter called "The Making of Blank Verse Drama"? Why cannot the theatre afford to cater for this cultured and intelligent public that quite obviously exists?

The explanation is purely statistical. I have before me an advertisement of a popular astronomical book by Sir James Jeans, of which it is remarked that "over 40,000 copies have been sold in Great Britain and the United States." Contrast with this the situation of the theatres. Their approximate capacity at

each performance is about 1,200. A run of at least 100 performances is necessary before a play can be regarded as successful, with an average at each performance of two-thirds of this capacity. Two-thirds of 120,000 is 80,000—or exactly double the astounding figures of a popular "best-seller"! And these, remember, are the figures, not of what in America they call a "smash hit," but of a moderate success, of a production which is not financially a loss.

It will be seen, therefore, that the theatre in England cannot afford to cater for small sections of the public; it must always aim at that vast public whose "average mental age is 15." And yet, in spite of this, the more intelligent public is not utterly neglected, even in London. There are play-producing societies where at any rate "the best work done abroad" is brought to our attention. As for our native drama, very few of our best English authors are sufficiently foolish to write plays; "the best work done at home" goes into novels! . . .

Once again I have set out to deal with Mr. Granville-Barker's lectures, and then wandered away from them. And yet not far away; not so far that anybody who has wandered with me has not caught at least a glimpse of them. Still, I tender my apologies to all concerned, excusing myself with the plea that Mr. Granville-Barker's reputation is sufficient by itself to sell his book, not only to all Earnest Students of the Serious Drama, but to all persons of intelligence and culture.

'I Want!' is an attempt to state a philosophical idea in terms of drama, and as such I feel reluctant to dismiss it in a few depreciatory lines. But the truth must be told, and the truth is that philosophical idea is made ridiculous by the extravagant and unconvincing instances with which Miss Constance Holme has illustrated it. One may agree with her that many people seem, not merely disagreeable, but inexplicably and wantonly disagreeable; one may even go further and agree that very often this instinctive disagreeableness is due to the fact that something has prevented them from living in accordance with their personalities or temperaments, and that if only they were able to live "naturally," they would be much pleasanter companions.

In order to illustrate her argument, Miss Holme first shows us what I presume is meant to be a deliberate exaggerated picture of a tennis club; for the members are all of them either utterly detestable or inconceivably stupid. Next she introduces a mysterious "Photographer," whose magical camera enables us to "see and hear" these members as they would have been, had Fate allowed them to live according to their "wants"; and we learn that the sycophantic clergyman, for instance, would have been much happier, and therefore pleasanter, had he joined the Russian Ballet instead of the Church of England; that the principal "cat" was meant by nature for a prima donna; that the vulgar newly rich Sir Samuel ought never to have amassed his wealth, and that the pompous politician would be thoroughly contented in a monastery.

Now, there is unquestionably a case to be made out for these assumptions. The trouble is simply that Miss Holme has argued it so ingenuously that it seems less like a philosophical statement than a children's sermon. If the "actual" portraits of these tennis players are exaggerated in their disagreeableness, the hypothetical portraits are incredible, and also repulsive, in their goody-goodness. Unfortunately, Miss Holme seems unaware of this, and sets them before us as delightful and attractive persons. But this failure to win our sympathy is a less important matter than her failure to convince us; and the play collapses owing to our worldly knowledge that those whom Fate has not prevented from being opera-singers or ballet-dancers, or even poor "plain Sams," are not—well, not, at any rate, invariably!—the modest, gentle, charming persons that (according to Miss Holme's hypothesis) they should be.

THE FILMS A PICTURE WORTH SEEING

BY MARK FORREST

Dirigible. Directed by Frank Capra. The Tivoli.
Alibi. Directed by L. Hiscott. The Capitol.

WHEN 'Hell's Angels' was pre-released a little time ago there were many who thought that the cinemas would never have an opportunity of showing a more stupendous picture of the air; but I think that the new film at the Tivoli, 'Dirigible,' is a much more satisfying entertainment in every way. A quarter of the money that was expended on 'Hell's Angels' has been expended on this, and the result appears to be four times as good. That this is so is largely due to the difference in the qualities of the respective stories and their direction. 'Hell's Angels' had so puerile a plot that no one ever attempted to take the picture seriously; they went to be thrilled by certain episodes, such as the burning of the Zeppelin, and to be charmed by some of the photography, but their interest was spasmodic. If there was no particular thrill at the moment, they closed their eyes and waited for the next somersault. 'Dirigible,' on the other hand, has a serviceable story—over-sentimental, perhaps, but not ludicrous—and the acting of the three chief protagonists, Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Fay Wray, is good throughout and at times, where Fay Wray is concerned, very good indeed. All these three and the action of the picture are excellently handled by the director, Mr. Capra.

The difference between his technique and that of Mr. Hughes, who directed 'Hell's Angels,' is at once apparent in the handling of the scenes which depict the wreck of the airship. In 'Dirigible,' the airship breaks in two on its way to the South Pole under the stress of a heavy storm, and this is so realistically accomplished—in part by the aid of trick photography—that the director succeeds in showing his audience, not only what the catastrophe looks like from the outside, but what it looks like from the inside—a much more difficult feat.

All the way through the aerial photography of Mr. Elmer Dyer is superb, and some of the "shots" which he has obtained of what is really a race to the South Pole between an airship and an aeroplane are memorable. A good deal of the realism arises from the fact that the whole of the United States Air Base at San Diego, California, was placed at Mr. Capra's disposal, but the use which he has made of it is what really matters.

Miss Agatha Christie's most successful book, 'The Murder of Roger Ackroyd,' was made into a most successful play by the late Mr. Michael Morton, under the title of 'Alibi.' Both the book and the play, the latter much more compact than the former, set out to place before the reader and the audience, respectively, a certain set of circumstances surrounding the murder of a certain man, and the rest of the affair was a question of deduction. There was one weak point in the book, which of necessity had to appear in the play, and that was that the murder was "staged" to be discovered at a certain time and in a certain way, and there could be no guarantee that this would come to pass. That was the only weakness, however, and the task of the director and the film scenario writer should have been solely concerned with the compression of the play's action into an hour and a quarter without dropping essential clues and without losing the characterization. They have tackled it by introducing a fresh character who has nothing to do with the action, and who is entirely out of key with the theme. The result is a hopeless muddle, and while the play could never have made a good picture from the cinematographic point of view, it has now been effectively ruined from any point of view.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

1 The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

2 Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

'DISESTABLISHMENT'

SIR,—In belated reply to Mr. Athelstan Riley, I meant Mass in its popular sense, which I suppose includes all those forms of celebrating the Holy Communion in which are involved a substantial portion of the practices common in the Church of Rome, but illegal in the Church of England.

If I have offended against the use of the word in the fifteenth century I must apologize with true humility appropriate to the gravity of the offence.

I am, etc.,

57 Portland Place, W.1

QUINTIN HOGG

SIR,—Mr. Tetley might have cleared the air of this controversy if he had accepted Mr. Athelstan Riley's invitation and given a definition of the word Mass. The obvious inference from his letter is that he does not know the meaning of that word. For the rubric demanding the presence of a sufficient number of communicants marks the difference not between Mass and Communion, but between a solitary Mass and one which is attended by more than one person. If Mr. Tetley will look at the 1549 Prayer Book he will see the alternative title of the Service of the Lord's Supper to be commonly called the Mass.

Mr. Hardwick asks what would have happened in Tudor days to a clergyman who defied the law. We know that well enough from what actually did happen. Henry VIII would have burned him as a heretic. Elizabeth, after a preliminary use of a very drastic form of the third degree, would have finished him off with the equally barbarous death provided for the offence of high treason. Perhaps Mr. Hardwick would welcome a return to these good old days?

It is Mr. Hardwick, too, who quotes Dr. Norman Sykes as saying that "under the Commonwealth the framework of a National Church" remained. A Church. But was it Ecclesia Anglicana? No Prayer Book, no Creeds, no Sacraments, no Bishops or priests. How much framework remained except the geographical distribution into parishes? And this was the work of Erastianism. That is a new word for the swords and pikes of Cromwell's army. One seems to have heard another name for this—Military Despotism.

I am, etc.,

Thame, Oxon

T. G. DENNISTON

THOMAS HARDY

SIR,—Where Mr. Lindsay Garrett, Another Critic and myself hold opposite opinions, we must agree to differ, but Mr. Garrett has slipped into an error of fact. It was not I, but Hardy's biographer, who mentioned an exhausted stock, as my phrase "We are told" should have sufficed to warn him.

It is a common, and I still think a good, custom for a critic to discuss the more noteworthy of the criticisms that the work of his subject has received, and Mr. Moore's comments were noteworthy because they were supported by evidence, and because they were made at a time when criticism had faded into a chorus of colourless praise.

I am, etc.,

OSBERT BURDETT

SIR,—Mr. Lindsay Garrett says that "Mr. George Moore has no standing as a critic . . . His notorious attack on Hardy was palpably the effluvium of a writer galled with the consciousness of his own incapacity to write prose or to limn character."

It is, I believe, an elementary axiom in the law courts that abusing the plaintiff's attorney is not the wisest way in which to conduct one's own case. Mr. Garrett, in common with many other members of the "Hats Off To Hardy" brigade, has fallen into this error in his attitude towards Mr. Moore. If he would take the trouble to reflect on Mr. Moore's criticism of Hardy instead of treating him as if he were a cat suffering from the mange (Mr. Garrett speaks of Mr. Moore's "effluvium"), his opinion might be of some value. But, unfortunately, Mr. Garrett's opinion is controlled by his temper, which leads him to make the absurd statement about Mr. Moore's "incapacity to write prose." To refute such a statement one need only mention 'Esther Waters' and 'Hail and Farewell.'

Mr. Moore's objection to Hardy are based on the latter's clumsy construction and frequent lapses of style, and he quotes chapter and verse in support of his opinions. If this letter were not already too long, one could easily give instances of Hardy's deficiencies of style.

The late Mr. Bennett's opinion of Mr. Moore's critical standing was probably truer than that of Mr. Garrett.

I am, etc.,

Strand on the Green, W.4 G. HILL TICKELL

A CRITIC OF CRITICS

SIR,—I have been reading one of your numbers with the greatest interest. Specially do I like your views on books. And to tell you the truth, I cannot agree with the average critic on books. They seem to me to glorify introspection—in novels. Any novel of action—and action surely shows character better than introspection—is passed over and rarely, it seems to me, attains to any measure of fame.

For instance, take a book called 'Point and Counterpoint.' I struck some glowing reviews, and then I struck the book itself in the hands of a man who dwelt in a remote corner of Jamaica, called Negril. He, poor man, had given 10s. 6d. for it on the strength of those reviews.

"No, I cannot read it," said he. "I cannot. You try it and tell me what it's about."

I could not read it either. I tried it in various parts and yet I do not know anything about it. I spoke of it to a woman here. She cast down her eyes.

"Oh," she said, "it's so deliciously improper."

And even that I had not seen. I suppose it shows how green I am. Anyhow, I should not like a book because it is improper.

I read the other day a trio of books by Crosbie Garstin, and was charmed and delighted. Plenty of action, plenty of description, that I have travelled enough to enjoy thoroughly and to know was excellent, and the character of the man, Ortho Penhale, done to the life. But I heard no such chorus of praise for those books as was given for instance to 'A High Wind in Jamaica,' which offended me on every page, was certainly from my point of view not true to life, and began with a wind which, wherever it raged, did not do it in Jamaica.

A novelist, who has suddenly risen into fame, in his last book said of the character he evidently most despised, that his favourite literature was adventure and detective stories! I can only suppose, therefore, there is something very low class about writing adventure stories! Yet for my comfort Stevenson made a name with 'Treasure Island.'

I have been reading the reviews of the novels in last week's *Literary Supplement*, and I know that nothing would induce me to read the one in which the highest praise is given.

There is a Book Society which undertakes to choose our books for us and asks us solemnly just to pay up 7s. 6d. a month and join. I have not agreed with the choice of any book yet, but I do wonder at the people who join the society. If you can promise a publisher

a sale of, say, 2,000 before a book is published, will not he allow you a good discount? And can anybody not only read but carefully judge the two feet high of books that *The Times Library* assures me come to them six days in the week? The whole thing seems to me to work out at about £500 a year apiece for those astute critics.

This must be a heavy handicap on all authors. I feel strongly that there are precious few books that are worth more than half-a-crown. But if the successful book of the month pours into the pockets of these extra middlemen such a large sum of money, how are we to get the cheap books which would be such an advantage to both authors, publishers and booksellers?

I am, etc.,

MARY GAUNT

THE NEW SUBMERGED TENTH

SIR,—The proposed Land Values Tax, with which the Chancellor enlivened his recent Budget, has (I submit) occasioned more nonsense, compounded of either sheer stupidity or rank insincerity than any important political issue or utterance for years.

I cannot acquit your contributor, Mr. A. Scott-James, from the charge implied.

Mr. Scott-James makes Mr. Snowden say: "The biggest burdens on the broadest shoulders," thereby concurring with his more illustrious master, Sir John Simon, who, in his lengthily reported speech in the House some days ago, made the surely stupid (or insincere) statement that the Chancellor evidently conceived it to be a sufficient reason for the imposition of taxation that the taxed classes were the possessors of taxable value.

Now what on earth does this mean?

Do Messrs. Simon and Scott-James seriously believe there to be any other justification for the imposition of taxes than that the taxed are able to bear it? If they do not, then they believe (there is no alternative) that taxes should be levied indiscriminately and independently of income and class, and that the £150 per year lorry driver should not be mulcted of any less amount than the eminent £10,000 per year K.C., which is of course absurd.

Surely it is to be deplored that at a time like this (noblesse oblige my form master would have said) there should be so much indecent quibbling on the part of the upper and middle classes at contributing (even heavily) towards this country's expenses, particularly when these two classes are as ever rank with patriotism (rabid!) and honour (public school or Sahib varieties!).

I end my letter with a question. Will Mr. Scott-James explain why I, as a member of the working class (hon. member by birth and not inclination) should be expected to feel more acutely my unemployed neighbour's misfortune than does he (Mr. Scott-James) and why it has been, and is inferred, that because of our kindred poorness and absence of culture (also inferred) I am more qualified to contribute towards his (my neighbour's) upkeep than is he (Mr. Scott-James)?

I am, etc.,

F. B. JARRETT

ANTI-CLERICALISM IN SPAIN

SIR,—I am not concerned with the facts in dispute between "Spanish-Republican" and Father Woodlock, and in any case the strictly business activities of any religious body seem beside the mark in view of the much larger issues raised in this controversy; nor is it really relevant to the main charge brought against the Republican extremists that their attacks have been levelled against other religious bodies than the Jesuits. What, I think, we are all entitled to take exception to is Father Woodlock's assumption, the assumption always adopted in such cases by the "religious," is that attacks on organized religious bodies are neces-

sarily anti-religious. No one, probably, has ever been anti-religious outside the organized religious bodies, which since the advent of monotheism have had a comprehensive dislike of all who do not see eye to eye with them in regard to doctrine and discipline. It is not the religious side of religious bodies that excites the animosity of the religiously indifferent; it is their administrative side always that is first called in question, though persistence in bigotry generally has the fatal effect of bringing religion itself into contempt.

The good man, devout in his religion and active in good works, has never excited animosity, but when he uses all the forces of the State to compel other people to adopt his creed and obey his "authority," the modern world is inclined to consider him a public nuisance, and when he happens to have a great machinery of government in his hands and does not heed the warnings addressed to him, he must not be surprised if other machinery is organized to bring him under secular control. Father Woodlock, and others who think with him, will have to face the fact that there is no room in the modern world for the kind of authority to which they appeal.

Men to-day will worship as they please, and if they please will not worship at all. It is idle for Father Woodlock to refer to the good works of the religious bodies; no one denies them. His own order has contained, and probably still contains, men of so lofty a courage and such nobility of character, that—saving their order—all men would acclaim them. It is not the religious orders, it is the dominance of the religious orders that is challenged; and it is useless for those orders, with the history of Christendom behind them, to complain if the fight for supremacy between freedom and authority is not conducted with kid gloves.

I am, etc.,
FOR FREEDOM

'INFALLIBILITY'

SIR,—I am loth to trouble you upon the above subject again, but as Mr. Thomas expresses himself puzzled by my letter, I would like to explain my point with regard to the condemnation of Galileo.

Galileo was tried twice, once in 1616 and again in 1632. I referred to the latter case because it was the one cited by one of your correspondents, not because I was unaware of the first trial. The Congregation of the Index was the body concerned in both trials. The Pope approved of the result of the first trial, but this approval does not convert a pronouncement by the Congregation into a Papal decree. Galileo was defended in this trial by a cardinal, who remarkably enough was the Pope present at the 1632 trial. In that case, Galileo's condemnation was signed by seven cardinals, but was not ratified by the Pope himself. I myself was only concerned to point out that in no case was the Pope's infallibility affected by this case. This point is clearly set forth in the article on Galileo in the 'Encyclopaedia Britannica' which I would ask Mr. Thomas to refer to, if he wishes to verify my statements.

One more word. Mr. Thomas should remember that no editor undertakes to publish a letter in full. My letter was condensed, as I expected it would be, and this probably accounts for the shortness of what Mr. Thomas has called my "simple statement." Indeed, I believe I remarked that there is more to be said about Galileo than could be dealt with in a letter to the Press.

I am, etc.,
FRANCIS O'LEARY

A DIRTY BUSINESS

SIR,—I understand that the women of many countries use rouge and lipstick. There is a lamentable use of these articles in the United States. I can remember the time when only the demi-monde used rouge in my country, and when a woman who painted

her face would be stared at. To-day, alas, conditions are different.

I heard a woman talk over the radio about cosmetics. She claimed that they gave her the complexion of a girl. But her voice was the voice of an old woman. How pitiful it is for women to stake their hopes for youthfulness on a little patch of skin, when the inexorable march of Old Father Time leaves his footprints of age all over them.

The magazines are filled with "beauty" advertisements. It is said that more than 7,000 varieties of cosmetics are on the market; that the Y.W.C.A. holds "charm schools" (lipstick "charm"); that some department shops ration lipsticks and powder to employees; that in some cities factory girls combine to buy lipsticks, rouge, powder, and cold cream, wholesale.

A little girl said to her mother, who was applying rouge to her face: "Mummie, how old must I be to make my face dirty like that?" She was right. A rouged face is nothing but a dirty face. The instinct of children corroborates the expert opinion of connoisseurs of feminine charm. It is impossible to paint the lily.

I am, etc.,
CHARLES HOOPER

EXCESSIVE ROAD SPEED

SIR,—The Transport Bill ought to do good, but the thirty miles an hour limit is openly broken by motor-coaches; the drivers say that they must do so to keep to the schedule time table. Over and over again one has seen them going over forty miles an hour. Those I can trust have told me they have followed them they had no speedometers; these should be compulsory. The other day, when one of the motor coaches was fined for going over forty miles an hour, it transpired that they had no speedometers; these should be compulsory.

The only real cure to make our roads safe would be for the horse-power of these powerful machines to be certified by a Government inspector; then the coach or charabanc could not go over thirty miles per hour; that would at one stroke stop all perjury as regards speed. Also it should be compulsory that there should be a door on either side, because when a coach falls on its side it is often set alight, and if it falls on the side that has the only door, those inside have no chance. Lastly, there should be a communicating door, so that if the driver were taken ill suddenly it would be possible for the conductor, or even a passenger, to be able to stop even if going down hill on a rainy day.

I am, etc.,
ANDREW W. ARNOLD

MENTAL HOSPITAL ACCOMMODATION

SIR,—In their recent circular on mental hospital accommodation the Board of Lunacy Control state that the shortage of accommodation for mental patients has become acute. It suggests redistribution and also "the granting of leave of absence on trial and boarding out, or discharging suitable patients to the care of relatives or friends."

Judging by the number of cases in which release has been effected through the efforts of this Society, that recommendation should result in a wholesale reduction of asylum patients.

Lady Gwendoline Cecil has advocated a maintenance grant during the period of probation. In the long run, such expenditure would undoubtedly prove to be a valuable economy. Patients should not be denied the freedom to which they are entitled merely on account of lack of sufficient funds to enable them to make a fresh start in life; and from our experience there are many who should be set free.

I am, etc.,
FRANCIS J. WHITE,
(Secretary)
National Society for
Lunacy Law Reform, W.C.1

NEW NOVELS

BY H. C. HARWOOD

Who Goes Home? By A. P. Nicholson. Benn.
7s. 6d.

Shallow Water. By Theodora Benson. Grant
Richards. 7s. 6d.

Mirror for Toby. By Cecily Hallack. Burns
Oates and Washbourne. 6s.

The Devil and XYZ. By Barum Browne. Gol-
lancz. 7s. 6d.

The Missing Money-Lender. By W. Stanley
Sykes. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

POLITICS in fiction are duller than they are in history and the newspapers, though why this should be so I do not clearly understand. Murder; horse racing; mining accidents; all the other dear concerns of the Press are glorified and embellished by the novelist, who, however, unless he be Disraeli, can but further devitalize the doings of Parliament. (There is, too, a good book by de Voguë on the Chamber of Deputies.) Trollope tried to brighten up his political novel by having Phineas Finn charged with the murder of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward played with the havoc to be wrought on the Cabinet by a late Victorian Caroline Lamb. Mr. Nicholson puts in even stranger seasoning. A murder, two tense trials, an echo of the Dilke case, and a delirious Under-Secretary shouting his secrets to the statue of Richard Cœur de Lion leave the reader with no excuse for boredom. But the politics proper are not exciting, although Mr. Nicholson had much in his mind to write on them. The strong dramatic element throws into the shadow and renders irrelevant his study of public life being more and more abjured by first-rate minds. Nor is he fortunate in the measures he brings before us. We cannot be interested by the India Bill since we do not know what it contains, and there are serious improbabilities in the Single Tax being pressed upon the party leaders by young Conservatives. I am grousing like this because Mr. Nicholson seems to me well qualified to rival de Voguë and to make a novel of all the bustling detail of political rivalry and intrigue. But I do not grouse bitterly, since 'Who Goes Home?' is an excellent story, though marred, as many good first novels are, by the author suggesting more ideas than he has given himself room to develop.

Mr. Nicholson's dialogue is terse and vigorous, the narrative moves swiftly, and the characterization only fails in the case of Val Strange, who is colourless, whereas he is meant to be a young man of high promise. What we call nobility in the great strikes us as priggishness in the little, and Val is very nearly a prig. For an American on leaving Harvard to come here to get naturalized and save the old country by entering its politics is superb cheek, if you come to think of it. But Val is not the man to carry it off. His activities simply show that he lacks a sense of humour. Perhaps Mr. Nicholson has denied his own sufficient exercise. His other talents make 'Who Goes Home?' a first novel of unusual attractiveness and originality.

Sir Richard Garrioch, Under-Secretary for India, has a forceful if sinister personality and immense ambitions, which bid fair to be realized. Unfortunately in his pursuit of women his discretion fails him, and to avoid one scandal he plunges into a second and bigger. Desperately he strives for his career, but as each obstacle is surmounted another rises before him. The loyalty of two friends, Val Strange and Mary

Elton, persisting beyond belief in his innocence, is of less avail than the enmity of the envious. Public opinion at last drives him out. And Mr. Nicholson makes us sorry for him though he deserved every bit of what he suffered. We see in him the stuff of leadership. "Please make the Devil good," prayed a little girl of my acquaintance, "as I should like him for a friend." Mr. Nicholson succeeds in making us feel like that about Sir Richard.

Miss Benson bubbles with charm and wit, or rather makes Alice and Fanny and their young men do so, through thirty-four delicious dialogues. Now Fanny's favourite character in fiction was S. T. Carter, and I am not sure that she would not have been Mr. Carter's. (Alice, of course, would have been too intellectual for him.) It is a mistake to suppose that because 'The Dolly Dialogues' is perfect, nothing else of the kind is worth writing. 'Shallow Water' was very well worth writing. Only a reviewer must complain if he is prevented from going straight through it by the overwhelming desire to break off and read bits of it out loud. So now am I tempted to quote and quote and quote, but shall not do so, since if I began I should not know when to stop, so insidiously is one borne along the rippling stream of irresponsible gaiety and not too serious flirtations. Not but that there are shadows even here in this place of bright parties and summer afternoons. Whoever has been bored by the clever talker who could not patronize more outrageously or snub more severely if he were doing so consciously will wince when he makes the acquaintance of Philip Grant. And Cecily, that too serious young miss who strikes the most garrulous to silence—but one is sorry for her. Philip is just repulsive.

'Mirror for Toby' belongs to the Job school of fiction. Young O'Malley enjoyed fame both as a singer and a painter, universal popularity, all the money he wanted and the high spirits that come of perfect health. Moreover, the beautiful, brilliant Virginia loved him. All these advantages were stripped from him till he was friendless, penniless, his voice gone, his eyes in danger. Thus he attained to a great deepening and strengthening of his religious experience. The religious part, the Roman Catholic part, is very well done. Though an innate anticlericalism makes me suspicious of saintly old monks who diagnose at a glance the malady of the soul and cure it in a grave little speech, I accept those of Miss Hallack. A moving sincerity, a fitting humour and an astringent absence of exaggerated sentiment distinguish the record of O'Malley's spiritual growth. The secular side is far less satisfactory, and if not actually sloppy, savours of sloppiness.

'The Devil and XYZ' brings in buried treasure, the Black Mass, Devil's Island, cryptograms, hypnotic powers and a supernatural vengeance. From the moment the undergraduate runs over and kills a French tramp with something tattooed in Greek across his chest, and returns with help to find the body gone—the classic opening—sensation is heaped upon sensation. But Mr. Browne has not yet learnt to make the best of his material. The facetious dialogue detracts from the thrills. Now, a shocker of this kind is not meant to be taken seriously by author or reader but the characters in it must make some show of awe, anxiety and terror. We may be frivolous, but they may not. Mr. Browne has a real gift for the macabre, however, and his chief villain is a gem.

'The Missing Money-Lender' is a story of detection, but not in the usual sense of the term a detective story. Who the murderer is we are not slow to suspect, but his ingenuity makes crime hard to bring home to him. The police, able but not brilliant, owe something of their success to luck, something to the murderer's astounding cunning being limited to the scientific side of his plot; in such practical details as finger-prints he is a mere child. Mr. Sykes is a worthy disciple of Mr. Austin Freeman and leaves us avid for more from his pen.

REVIEWS

THE IMMORTAL MANON

Manon Lescaut. By the Abbé Prévost d'Exiles. Translated from the Original Text of 1731 by Helen Waddell. With an Introduction by George Saintsbury. Constable. 15s.

WHILE they do not, I think, form a series with a common name of their own, the translations of French classics, great and small, issued by Messrs. Constable are worth grateful attention. Lately they gave us a delightful version of 'Flamenca,' a thirteenth-century Provençal tale of courtly love, and now they have followed it with a book that must surely be a universal favourite, for 'Manon Lescaut' is one of the best stories ever written. The new version appears in the pomp of an edition distinguished by scholarship and good taste, with an introduction by George Saintsbury—whom some past and present SATURDAY REVIEWERS with other admirers lately celebrated by a dinner—and in a version by Miss Waddell accompanied by one of her characteristic and original translator's Notes. She has used the original text in preference to that which the abbé revised in later years, and she has relegated to an appendix the incident with the Italian Prince that some admirers of the story have hesitated to think in perfect accord with Manon's other adventures. The whole makes a perfect edition of a perfect book, and should there be anyone who has yet to make acquaintance with Manon and her lover, Des Grieux, this is the very book for him.

It is now twenty years since I began to carry about a little squat Frenchified edition of the story, and I am still unable to open it without rereading from cover to cover. Its delights are twofold: the story itself and the consequent feeling that, if criticism could ever be scientific and if ever works of art could be perfectly analysed, there could be deduced from 'Manon Lescaut' a set of principles that would form a guide to story-telling. We know Manon, the affectionate and faithless, and Des Grieux the infatuated but excusable, as we know few characters in fiction, and yet of psychology in the depressing sense of that ugly word there is absolutely none. The pair of lovers well illustrate the opinion of a living novelist who was once made impatient by Henry James—"where there is a grip of character there is no need of psychology." We know Manon by her doings, by the temptations to which she yielded and by the desires that she confessed, and these doings and surrenders are the appropriate expression of her character. Character, too, is the quality on which Mr. Saintsbury infallibly fixes, and character is shown in action, or rather in the diversity of actions that every human being displays. In Prévost's story one incident grows out of another by a seemingly natural succession of events. The only point where credibility is strained is the success of Des Grieux's escapes from the prisons into which her conduct led him. Anyone not an adventurer by nature who has ever tried to escape from a corner will be aware of difficulties that only the heroes of fiction or your T. E. Lawrences in real life are able to overcome; but how pleasant it is to share for a moment the initiative of a hero! A more exciting or a more natural story cannot be easily imagined. It is part of the charm of Manon to fill you with suspense. Turn your back upon her but for a moment; let her out of your sight but for ten minutes and you can never tell what mischief she may not have yielded to in the meantime.

One of the marvels of the story is that, though Des Grieux narrates it in the first person, the tale is never held up by events which he did not witness. He contrives to throw it into an order that appears to be natural and direct. Among the subsidiary characters

the brother of Manon is the most successful, much more successful than the wooden Tiberge, Des Grieux's friend, and it is mainly due to the character of her brother that Manon with her weakness for luxury is encouraged to pass from one infidelity to another. But how does she convince the reader of her irresistible charm? Her actions we have in plenty, but her conversation is almost wholly absorbed in making her excuses for herself. Is it she or the rhapsodies of Des Grieux that convince us that he was not exaggerating when he said that her beauty might have revived idolatry? Charm rather than physical beauty is her supreme quality, and no book so saturated with love has ever been less carnal. Such a passion as she inspired, as he felt and she shared, is destiny to its victims, and we feel its shadow from the first, but our acquiescence is perfect because the characters of the lovers account for it. They are not the victims of the author but of themselves. The conclusion of the story is a stroke of genius. It has an air of surprise, but once we have felt the surprise we see that their confession of being unmarried was bound to prove their undoing in the colony. As we cannot think of Des Grieux without his Manon, his survival of her accounts for him more completely and more artistically than if he had shared her death. He lives to haunt us, and something is left to our imaginations. It is wonderful but natural that he should have returned alone.

The story is not a lesson but an inspiration in the art of story telling. A character is shown "inventing" the events which happen to it, and no more is needed for the incidents than the common motives and the common cupidities of the people who surround that character. 'Manon Lescaut' is an adorable book, and to have bound up with it the meditations of George Saintsbury, and the remarks of Miss Waddell, is to read it in the company of connoisseurs.

OSBERT BURDETT

DREYFUS

The Dreyfus Affair. By Jacques Kayser. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

MOST people in England do not know whether Dreyfus to-day is alive or dead, but his trial once drove England more frantic than even the Tichborne case. For France it was the most historical perversion of justice after that of Joan of Arc. There is a certain grim parallel between the two. The individual was lost in the struggle between two parties in France. The British Army could not forgive Joan and the French Army would not pardon Dreyfus. Both innocents found the Church a relentless opponent at the time. The fiercest penalty possible was applied to both. One had been accused of trafficking with the Evil One and the other with Germany. For both came rehabilitation; for the Maid after death, but for Dreyfus during his lifetime. Different indeed were their personalities. The Maid was one of the most vivid personages of the Middle Ages. Poor Dreyfus was very ordinary, a praiseworthy, respectable and, outside his duties, an unambitious officer. He was in one sense the most unimportant person in the Dreyfus Affair, of which, indeed, he knew nothing during the first four years that it raged. He resembled the body of Patroclus, over which once fought unceasingly the heroes of Greek and Trojan.

It is all a generation ago, and this is a textbook recapitulating every step in the terrible crime and more awful Nemesis which met the forgers. I can remember the beginning of the Affair as a schoolboy in Paris soon after the degradation of Dreyfus in 1895. It caused a parallel horror to the Wilde case in England. Its slow growth spread through the French papers like a cancer, until it was the virulent preoccupation of the whole

Press. I remember Zola's funeral in 1902, when the Latin Quarter marched in serried battalions all day bandying fierce maledictions with the Royalists at the street corners. It was a day of fury and invective. The Dreyfusards shouted that Truth was on the march and that nothing could stop her. The anti-Dreyfusards replied that the Angel of God had strangled Zola in his sleep. Sooner or later every great figure in France had been ranged for or against.

Dreyfus was like a cork bobbing on the waters. The great clash came between the Army and the Republic, between the Socialists and the Nationalists, between the lilies and the Tricolour. Men's careers in civil or military life were made or marred by this Affair. Finally the Church herself became embroiled with the State, leading to endless consequences. The Church had the misfortune to be led by her fanatical Pressmen on the *Croix* and the *Action Française* until, alas, the whole prestige of Catholic France was thrown into the scales of injustice, though of course the huge majority of rank and file believed they were conducting a patriotic campaign to prevent the Jews selling France to Germany. The Hierarchy were not as ill-advised as the religious orders. Rome herself stayed neutral, and eventually the Vatican organ, the *Osservatore Romano*, welcomes the rehabilitation. Pope Leo more or less silenced *La Croix* for the sake of peace, but Pius had to pay the penalty in the laws which threw the religious orders out of France. Injustice is not paid for by further injustice. Rome, however, which absolves all manner of sins, never overlooks a blundering mislead, and biding her time and in her own way she recently condemned the *Action Française* and excommunicated its subscribers.

Such was the colossal Dreyfus Affair, and what little straws originated the maelstrom! By the time Dreyfus was shown innocent, the country had been divided into divisions, whose scars and ill-stitched seams still show. An amnesty had to be passed in favour of those who had been led with the best intentions to adopt the wrong side. And nothing would have ever happened had not a dismissed agent stolen a letter from the letter-box of the German Embassy before it had been read there and delivered it to Sandherr, the head of the French Intelligence, before Colonel Henry, his underling, had seen it. When Henry read it he recognized the handwriting of his best friend Esterhazy! No novel has ever attempted to contain all that followed—the degradation of Dreyfus and the defence of Esterhazy by the General Staff. What did it matter that Esterhazy was an unsavoury traitor? He was a vital counter in the great game and in the great plot for the Royalists to disembowel the Republic. MacMahon and Boulanger had failed them in the past and now they looked to General Mercier to press home the charge and restore the Dynasty under the cloak of confusion. The bordereau was not like Dreyfus's handwriting, but Bertillon, the idiotic expert, proved that it was written by him by means of an "abracadabra demonstration." But there were proofs grimly hinted which could not be published, including a bordereau annotated by the Emperor William, which General Mercier had returned in order to avert war! It is hard to recover the blinding passions of the time, when knaves, fools and honest men threw themselves and France into a wild mêlée. Spy fever rose to the height of a national frenzy, and was vented on one patient and enduring man. So innocent was Dreyfus that his trial has taken its place in a sublime quadrate with those of Joan of Arc, Socrates and Christ.

This book is a clearly written translation, and with its entralling theme makes better reading than any novel. It is written by a relative of Dreyfus and from the Jewish point of view. It could hardly be otherwise, but the historian requires illumination from other sources on the state of the Catholic and anti-Dreyfusard mind at the time. To proffer quotations from

Maurras and Drumont is like quoting wine merchants and wine-bibbers on the merits of prohibition! The author does not seem fully acquainted with the Catholic side, or he would not have alluded to the *Croix* as "a Jesuit organ." The Jesuits have received some insults, but none so serious as that. It was, of course, engineered by the Assumptionists. On another page Prince of Orleans seems a slip for Duke.

Esterhazy deserves a category to himself. His villainy exceeded Poe and Balzac in creation and almost approached a Shakespearean height of infamy. But even Falstaff would not have dared write the famous letter in defence of his honour: "I have a heritage of glory to defend. If necessary, I shall appeal to the German Emperor. Although he is an enemy, he is a soldier." This was really magnificent from a paid spy, whose letters to his mistress were invoking the Uhlan on the French! It is news to learn that Esterhazy after his escape retired to Harpenden, in Herts, where he died in 1923. Was he given a military funeral? Did the Herts County Council provide a pauper grave for his "heritage of glory"?

Whether Henry was also a spy will never be known. Was he murdered or did he commit suicide in Mt. Valerien? Maurras still invokes "the pity of intelligent patriots" upon his memory. Henry was much praised by him for his "patriotic forgery" in replacing a document, which could not be produced, by another which could. The Affair turned on Zola's mighty letter *J'accuse*, and the novelist, whose books were banned in England, became the hero of the British conscience. All the figures live afresh in these pages—Picquart, Labori, Paty du Clam and even old Loubet, who issued a pardon to Dreyfus after the farce of the trial at Rennes—which only condemned Dreyfus afresh.

It all makes a wonderful story, which posterity will discover afresh from its records as it has from those of Joan of Arc. For Joan has come the crowning grace of canonization. For Dreyfus there has come the cinema.

The bibliography is very slight and feeble. It is time that an historian collected a real bibliography of the Affair. There was only one Englishman who, from his Jewish and Catholic friendships in France, really understood the affair at the time. This was the late J. E. C. Bodley.

SHANE LESLIE

NINETEENTH-CENTURY EUROPE

A History of Europe, 1815-1923. By J. A. R. Marriott. Methuen. 16s.

SIR JOHN MARRIOTT is to be wholeheartedly congratulated upon this volume, which represents the culmination of many years of study and research. He has threaded his way in a most skilful manner through one of the most intricate periods in modern history, and his balanced judgment upon the men and events with which he deals is by no means the least valuable feature of the work. The book appears to be intended primarily for the historical student, but the general reader should not overlook it on that account, and for the purposes of reference it is quite invaluable.

If one portion of the work is better than another, it is the account of the period of the Restoration in France, which is treated more objectively by the present author than by any previous English historian. Sir John is scrupulously fair to both Louis XVIII and Decazes, and it is to be hoped that this attitude will be followed by subsequent workers in the same field. In these circumstances, it is unfortunate that the two volumes of M. Pierre de la Gorge on the restored monarchy should not have found a place in the bibliography, for they only serve to strengthen the author's

argument. The *Risorgimento* is likewise very well handled, and although the accomplishments of Fascism do not come within the scope of the book, the reasons for the failure of the Parliamentary System in Italy are sufficiently indicated.

Even the most captious of critics will not find much to which he can take exception, but there are one or two points that call for correction in subsequent editions. Hungary is not a republic (page 542) but a monarchy, albeit with an empty throne; and is the author quite certain that Morocco was a "remnant of the Ottoman Empire" (page 407) as recently as 1901? Then, again, the relations of Italy with the other Allies are not fully described. At the Treaty of London in 1915 the former was promised, in addition to the concessions enumerated by Sir John, a share of Asia Minor, as well as colonial compensation in the event of Great Britain or France increasing their African possessions at the expense of Germany. By the Pact of St. Jean de Maurienne two years later, which the author does not mention, Smyrna and district were specified as the share of Asia Minor which Italy was to receive. It is the non-fulfilment of these treaties, for although Great Britain has handed over Jubaland, France has not yielded an inch of ground anywhere, that lies at the root of the existing discord between Rome and Paris.

These, however, are but slight omissions in a work remarkable, in view of its bulk, for its accuracy. It must be a source of very considerable satisfaction to Sir John Marriott to know that he has written a work which, of its kind, is final on the subject of which it treats.

CHARLES PETRIE

CRICKET

Cricket Up-to-date. By E. H. D. Sewell. Murray. 7s. 6d.

Playing for England. By Jack Hobbs. Golancz. 3s. 6d.

CRICKET, since the war, has been in need of a certain liveliness, but if all the batsmen batted with the vigour with which Mr. Sewell writes there should be no just cause for complaint. Lord Hawke, in his preface to the book, says that he does not always see eye to eye with him, neither will a good many other people, but a decided expression of opinion—even such a one as "always take first innings"—is invigorating. Just as when Mr. Earle walks to the wicket at Taunton both the field and the spectators know what to expect, so Mr. Sewell, by thumping hard from the outset of his book, prepares the reader for all that follows. Even though the author is a Number 6 batsman, rather than a Number 1, he is no mere slogger; he has many shrewd things to say, and among the more interesting is a plea for the return of the five-ball over. He points out, quite justifiably, that there have been six alterations in the game designed to help the bowler—the longer bowling crease, the new ball at 200, the larger wicket, the smaller ball, the new l.b.w. rule and the covered ends of the wicket; to which may be added the fixed tea interval. The smaller ball has not proved the blessing it was confidently expected to do, but the other changes are undoubtedly beneficial from the bowler's point of view.

The real trouble lies in the fact that bowling is not what it was. Some people argue that this is due to the prepared wickets, as though they were a novelty, and others, I think, with more justification, that there are too many matches, in consequence of which the bowlers are over-bowled. Mr. Sewell would have made none of the above changes, but would alter Law 13 so as to return to the five-ball over which was the order of the day during the decade beginning with the year 1889, when it replaced the four-ball over. The only disadvantage of this change is the obviously

increased delays (which must follow), caused by the more frequent overs, and it is no argument to say, as Mr. Sewell says, that there is really not much disadvantage from this because the captains and umpires waste so much time anyhow, and if that was put right the extra minutes would not be noticed. The advantage, nevertheless, outweighs the disadvantage, and this simple remedy is worth more than the new and very dangerous l.b.w. rule.

Mr. Sewell would also abandon all points except for a win outright; this is too thorny a question to argue in a few sentences; suffice it to say that the giving of fifteen points for a win, instead of ten, seems to have awakened the cupidity, and in some cases the stupidity, of captains, and the cricket so far this season has been a livelier affair.

After dealing with the first principles of the game and advancing some forceful opinions upon what is wrong with it, Mr. Sewell comes to the ball which will bowl Don Bradman and the last series of Test Matches. He rightly deplores the dropping of Mr. Chapman, and Jack Hobbs, whose little book tells the story of his hundred and two innings for England, makes the admission there that the change was unwise. Jack Hobbs also disposes, I hope once and for all, of the pack of disgraceful rumours which were started by certain newspaper reporters who ought to have the welfare of the game more at heart. He says that the decision to drop Mr. Chapman was unanimous; apart from this statement and a little railing at the present methods of certain journalists in which he will find himself supported by Mr. Sewell and a good many other people, he is very reticent and, as always, delightfully modest. One other expression of opinion, however, he does allow himself: "I think that if we had been able to strike the right combination, our players were sufficiently talented to have held the "Ashes" for at least another four years." According to Mr. Sewell the glar-

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L.A.

ing mistake was the dropping of Mr. Robins, and his side for the fifth Test match is as follows: Hobbs, Sutcliffe, K. S. Duleepsinhji, Leyland, Hammond, Sandham or R. E. S. Wyatt, A. P. F. Chapman, R. W. V. Robins, I. A. R. Peebles, Parker and Brooks or Price. For those who like to look ahead and cogitate, here is Mr. Sewell's idea of the side for the 1932-1933 tour in Australia: Sutcliffe, Leyland, K. S. Duleepsinhji, Hammond, A. P. F. Chapman or E. W. Dawson, R. W. V. Robins, Langridge or Verity, Mitchell (Yorkshire), or Gregory (Surrey), G. O. Allen, I. A. R. Peebles or Brooks and Farrimond. One of the difficulties here is whether the amateurs could spare the time; largely what is wrong with cricket to-day is that so few amateurs have enough leisure even to play the game in England, let alone go to Australia.

PETER TRAILL

TOIL AND TROUBLE

Work. By Adriano Tilgher. Translated by D. C. Fisher. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

AS the writer of this essay observes, ideas about work have varied enormously from age to age and land to land. To the Greeks it was a degradation; to the Jews a curse. Although civilization itself had been engendered by agriculture, the Parsees seem to have been exceptional among ancient peoples in attributing an ethical value to labour. Yet, in the last century, while such a term as "working-class" still conveyed a derogatory connotation, anybody who denied or questioned the virtue of toil was rated no better than a rogue and vagabond. In tracing the change of view to the Reformation, Signor Tilgher merely follows Lecky, but his assertion that it was due specially to Calvin is of interest, even if his argument is needlessly complicated and theological. Actually, the Puritans made the day of rest so disagreeable that they themselves could not have wanted more than fifty-two Sabbaths in a year. Under their rule, almost any sort of work was preferable to the only sort of leisure they permitted. And, of course, they were supported by those persons who could anticipate gain from what Dickens called the "severely workful" attitude of others.

Now, Signor Tilgher notes, opinion is changing once again. In his own country, a sign of the reaction is the craze for sport, while the Anglo-Saxon, he tells us, is, after three centuries of drudgery, being diverted to gaze upon the beauty of the human body. His warrant for the latter statement is uncertain, and may rest on nothing beyond the success of sundry films in which handsome actors expose chunks of chest, but nobody will quarrel with his main contention that work is no longer popular. He does not, however, prove his case when he tries to show that this is the result of anything rather than modern conditions of factory production. Our old friend the industrious apprentice was industrious because he had fair hopes of rising to be a master, and in a rationalized industry any such prospect is too remote for consideration. The earlier craftsman had, in addition, the pleasure of being a creator, which is denied to the mechanic of to-day. Pressure of population, about which the Italian author is silent, may have necessitated these alterations; but to the workers as workers they can only be disheartening. To plead that they have brought compensation in the boon of shorter hours and so have released men for enjoyment of this or that pastime is quite irrelevant. Moreover, the very sharp divorce between work and recreation is mischievous, for it causes that disintegration of personality which is coming to be recognized as one of the gravest maladies of the present age.

D. WILLOUGHBY

ART NOTES

THE FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM AND ITS NEW GALLERIES

BY ADRIAN BURY

THE recent opening of eight new rooms at the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, enhances the importance of one of the most charming collections of art in the country. This museum is based upon the handsome legacies, art and monetary, of Lord Fitzwilliam and Charles Brinsley Marlay. The addition to the museum was planned in 1915, but owing to the war work was delayed and the scheme was somewhat modified. It was not until 1924 that the Marlay Galleries were opened. They form a junction with the old museum and a new quadrangle which will eventually materialize. Other splendid bequests from Mr. William J. Courtauld, Mr. Stephen L. Courtauld and Miss S. Renée Courtauld have inaugurated the first section of this ambitious design.

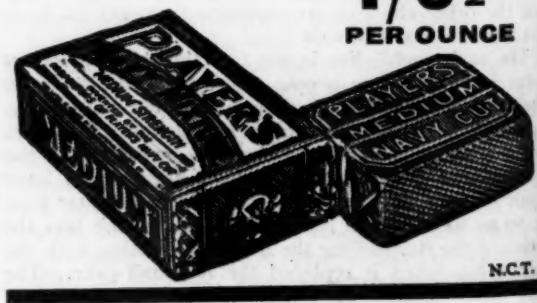
The Courtauld Galleries are spacious and well-lit on either side by skylights. The largest room is divided into bays, increasing thereby the wall-space and avoiding the crowding of pictures. Such large paintings as Palma Vecchio's 'Venus and Cupid' and Titian's 'Tarquin and Lucrece' are now displaced with admirable effect, and all praise is due to the hanging of those rare gems of the collection, Rembrandt's 'Study of a Man in a Plumed Hat,' and Franz Hals's sketch, 'Portrait of a Man.' The use of "Gaboon mahogany" as a background to pictures is an innovation which may well be imitated by other galleries. Its warm and silky appearance makes a suitable wall-covering and adds discreetly to the illumination of the works. The best Italian and Dutch masters are now gathered together, and there is more room in the old gallery for the many English works of unique interest.

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N.C.T.

It is instructive to renew our acquaintance with several Gainsboroughs, though they are rather sombre and lacking in design. None approaches, in brilliant characterization, Augustus John's nervously painted study of Thomas Hardy. On the other hand, this artist's impression of Mr. Bernard Shaw does not improve upon a second analysis. The fact that it is over life-size is a defect which tends to accentuate its quality as a caricature. The painting is lacking in depth and is facile and unconvincing.

Since Leighton is out of fashion and his late centenary generally inspired contempt and raillery, it is diverting to compare his magnificent portrait of Miss Laing with the series of self-portraits by Steer, Orpen, Strang and other contemporary artists. None of these latter has done justice either to himself or to his art.

How insignificant are several of the drawings by Rossetti! The sketches of himself, Browning, Swinburne and a few of Miss Siddal give us little idea of the real powers of this versatile genius. But a portrait that is unmistakably by the hand of a master, though one unidentified, is that of 'Charles II.' An intense study of a pleasure-loving face, it is almost a biography of the 'Merry Monarch.'

A feature of the Fitzwilliam Museum is the number of celebrities painted by lesser-known artists. The portrait of the poet Gray, as a child, reveals a confident expression not usually associated with the author of the 'Elegy.' Students of physiognomy will not fail to note the strange facial similarity of three such differing characters as Richard Wilson, Handel and the poet Thomson.

The Fitzwilliam is rich in water-colours, old and modern. There are some rare Cottmans. The 'Gateway of Dover Castle,' by Peter de Wint, is a superb example of this artist's work and, in a similar, vigorous manner, the Sargent impression of 'Fishing Boats of Venice' is a masterpiece. There is not a picture in this collection without some aesthetic or historic appeal. The enlargement of these galleries is timely, and will concentrate attention on many fine things. All the friends of the Fitzwilliam Museum will rejoice that the work has been carried out with such taste and distinction.

THE "SATURDAY" COMPETITIONS NEW SERIES—XXXVII

In the Early Life of Thomas Hardy it is stated that among his papers was found the first line of a poem, which he did not complete:

Many a man has loved as much as I

The SATURDAY REVIEW offers a First Prize of Three Guineas, and a Second Prize of Two Guineas, for the completion of the Poem in the Hardy manner, not exceeding thirty lines.

Competitors are advised to adopt a pseudonym and to enclose their name and address in a sealed envelope. All entries must be accompanied by a coupon, which will be found in this or any subsequent issue.

This competition will close on Monday, August 10, and the results will be announced in September.

RESULT OF COMPETITION XXXIIb

The SATURDAY REVIEW offered two prizes for a testimonial for a cook, whom her mistress did not wish to lose.

JUDGE'S REPORT

Readers of this review are, I suppose, particularly honest people. At all events, they seem to prevaricate with difficulty. How Mrs. Smith was to keep her cook without telling one of those downright lies which weigh on tender consciences, and, incidentally, may lead to an action for damages, was too troublesome a problem for the majority of competitors. Pibwob's letter was amusing, but to skim it was to know the writer for a

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wag. Guinea Winner wrote from the Law Society's Hall, yet, in my opinion, sailed perilously near to defamatory language. W. G., Mrs. Trevelyan Thomson, and Bluebird did their best to scare a rival employer by cataloguing the luxuries they had lavished on the angel in the house. Their hope that others would decline to do as much was, I think, ill-founded, T. E. Oliver only contrived to stave off the day of wrath. Mrs. Mason, despite the innuendo in her refusal to furnish information, indulged in one very dangerous burst of veracity. L. V. Upward was disqualified for a fib about tradesmen's bills. Cro Jack was distinctly neat, but his use of the word "honestly" was very questionable indeed. I recommend award of first prize to J. H. G. Gibbs for his series of ominous equivocations, and second prize to James Hall for a delicate and suggestive note. This competition, I may add, strikingly confirms Miss Mannin's recent statement that "Women have done their best—but it is not the best." The honours, it will be observed, go to Ananias, not to Sapphira.

FIRST PRIZE

Dear Madam,

In reply to your inquiry whether I can thoroughly recommend Angelica Green, I must do her the justice to say that in all the usual particulars she has always given me entire satisfaction.

Apart from a sameness in the quality of her cooking she is reliable, clean, and capable in her work, even-tempered and most willing.

Nevertheless it is only fair to tell you that both as a cook and a woman she has her distinct peculiarities and, since she came to me, the atmosphere of my kitchen has been far from normal. It would be no exaggeration to say that she possesses an extraordinary personality for one in her position, and that her influence is one that affects the whole household. My husband considers the effect she has had almost uncanny and friends have remarked it as something strange in their experience.

In all other respects I must repeat that I have found Angelica an excellent servant; for many reasons I shall be more than sorry to have to part with her, though it is only true to say that I should engage a very different sort of woman in her place.

Yours faithfully,

C. D. Smith
J. H. G. GIBBS

SECOND PRIZE

My Dear Madam,

Your inquiries regarding Angelica Green, my cook, are somewhat embarrassing, and I will not attempt to hide from you the fact that I find it difficult to answer them as they should be answered. Moreover, were I to give you a perfectly candid reply, I should probably involve myself in the kind of trouble which you and I are naturally most anxious to avoid.

Therefore, I must regretfully decline to enter into details regarding Miss Green's character and abilities; feeling assured, dear madam, that this is the attitude you yourself would adopt were you to find yourself in my position.

I would add, that since I am anxious to avoid any inconvenience or unpleasantness, I have informed Angelica that she is at liberty to continue here in my service until she marries.

Yours very sincerely,

Prudence Smith
JAMES HALL

RESULT OF COMPETITION XXIV

The SATURDAY REVIEW offered a First Prize of Five Guineas, a Second Prize of Three Guineas, and a Third Prize of Two Guineas for the best prayers submitted.

JUDGE'S REPORT

Prayer, according to St. Catherine of Siena, is of three kinds, and of these the first is, in her words, "a

continuous holy desire praying in the sight of God through that which thou doest." The other kinds she described as "mental" and "vocal." When the Editor, in setting this competition, suggested that the art and practice of prayer might be falling into disuse, I have no doubt that he had in mind the vocal kind alone. The entries I have received, numerous as they are, leave me with an idea that, anyhow in this restricted sense, he was right; but I am not at all sure that the reason is to be sought solely in loss of faith. From the mass of evidence before me I am, indeed, ready to say that, if the men and women of the present day are shy of vocal invocations, verbal difficulties may often be held accountable. Anyhow, in English prose a prayer in modern language seems almost a monstrosity. By way of illustration I would mention that only two competitors abandoned the "thee" and "thou" forms for "you" in addressing the Deity, and in one of the two exceptional cases the result was definitely disagreeable.

On the other hand, a large number of examples show that employment of more or less archaic phraseology is often a restriction on worshippers and petitioners. Many prayers submitted as original were hardly more than paraphrased versions of familiar orisons, and the changes, I am afraid, were rarely improvements. In scarcely a dozen instances did I find a new thought clothed in the idiom which reverence and tradition impose for public and, to some extent at least, for private prayer. For the best of these I ask that The Little Minister should be given first prize. Noel Archer's delightful and wholly unconventional Gloria must take second place. Third prize may be awarded to Freelance for a prayer for unity, while a prayer of personal thanks sent by A. G. deserves commendation for its strong sincerity. Others whose entries should be mentioned favourably are Mrs. Belben, Resurgam, C. L. W. (prayer for the unemployed), Adod (for sym-



THE Dog while crossing a river saw his own reflection in the water together with the image of the meat which he was carrying in his mouth. In snapping at what he supposed was another treasure, he dropped the piece he was carrying, and so lost all.

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pathy), Raphanus (for the old), Erica (for animals), and Magnanimus Esto (for artists).

It may be of interest to note that the prayers of supplication and intercession were considerably more numerous than those of thanks or adoration. As far as I have been able to discover, little part was taken in this competition by the clergy. A large preponderance of entries were from women.

EXTRACT FROM FIRST PRIZE

Almighty God and invisible yet ever-present Father, give to us the hearts of little children that we may enter the Kingdom of Heaven. We draw nigh to Thee to confess in penitence our faults, to declare in humble gladness our thanks, and to implore in earnest hope Thy help, lacking which we can do nothing. Forgive our frequent falsity to those ideals Thou hast implanted within us. Pardon our easy surrenders to circumstance and surroundings. Overlook our cowardice and weakness in word and act. May the memory of Thy manhood be a stout garrison in the fortress of our minds to defend us from the assaults of evil and the beguilements of folly. Remember not against us our pursuit of earthly and our neglect of Heavenly riches. . . .

O Lord, who dost distinguish between need and desire, vouchsafe to us that which satisfies our wants, and not that which fulfils our own unruly wishes. Keep alive in us the assurance that Thy delays are not denials; that the door of happiness is open to them that knock and wait in patience; that those who truly seek in faith and faint not find joy and peace and that those who ask and believe receive the bread of Heaven and living water.

Impel us so to go about doing good that we may in our degree be counterparts of Christ. Save us from the danger of being all things to all men, and so fashion us that we may be one thing alone and that an image of Thee to our fellows, and proofs that in knowledge of Thee lies the secret of happiness. Imprint on our consciousness an abiding realization of our common humanity, that shall constrain us always to place our duties and our neighbours' rights in advance of our rights and our neighbours' duties, and to perceive that each man is as momentous to himself as we to ourselves.

Render us sensitive to the cry of suffering and alert to aid distress. Kindle in us a passion for justice. Inspire us to be ungrudging and gentle in prosperity, and in adversity endow us with steadfast courage and the power to accept without bitterness disappointment and apparent defeat. . . .

May we understand sickness and sorrow as tokens of Thy loving desire for closer and more intimate intercourse between Thy Holy Spirit and our human intelligence. Bestow on us vision and imagination as well as strength of mind, and enrich us with the fullest appreciation of the glory of life and the splendour and wonder of nature, the fineness of simple things, and the beauty of art and literature. Teach us to rank values higher than prices and to count loyal and helpful friendships as better worth than gold, and character as more precious both in ourselves and in others than position and possessions. Of Thy charity furnish us with abundant and swift sympathy, large tolerance of outlook, sweetness of disposition, unwearying courtesy and readiness to recognize the capacities and virtues of others, rather than to detect their shortcomings and inabilities. Deliver us from fear of life and terror of death. So equip us in brain and body, heart and soul, that . . . we may do honour to Thy Holy Name and be found worthy to be called not servants but sons and daughters.

Finally, when our wayfaring and warfaring are ended, of Thy most pitiful and tender kindness, O Lord, receive us into Thy House on high to abide with Thee evermore.

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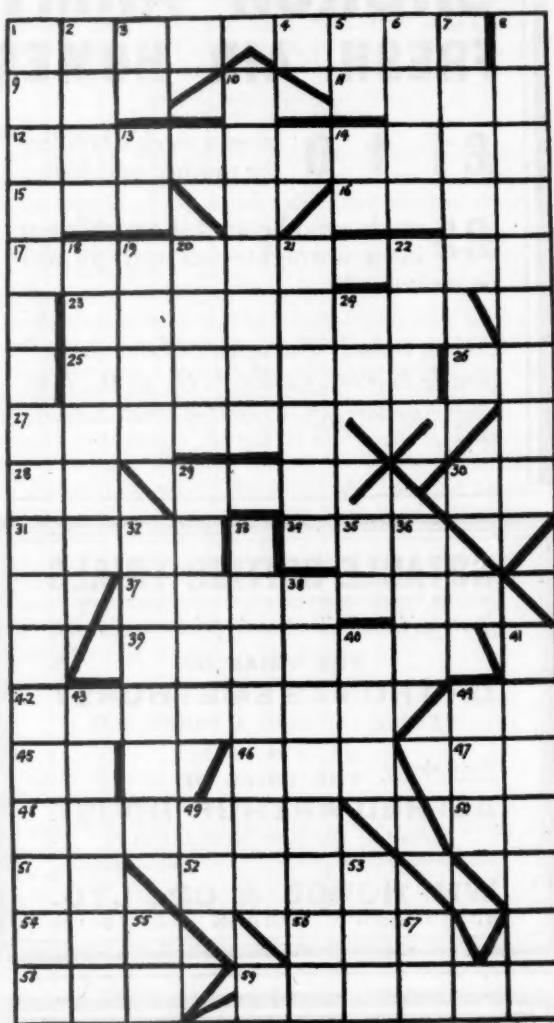
RHYMING CROSS WORD—IV

("Mousquetaire")

By AFRIT

A weekly prize of any book reviewed or advertised in the current issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, not exceeding half a guinea, will be given for the first correct solution opened. The name of the book selected must be enclosed with the solution; also the full name and correct postal address of the competitor.

Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following publication. Envelopes must be marked "Cross Word" and addressed to the Cross Word Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, W.C.2.



Across.

CLUES.

1. Wise woman's son so called King David heard.
4. Transfers to entomology a bird.
9. A son employ a feather to insert.
11. Defect of mouth will mouse to mouth convert.
12. Will write for some to read but not to see.
15. Great this and little wool—proverbially.
- 16 rev. Foundation soft to walk on made by few.
17. Claims for itself to be of life the dew.
23. Leave rivals in a denser atmosphere.
25. Use it in France; don't form it there—or here.
26. Used after 51 satirically.
27. May live in this with age; in age you'll be.
- 28-29-30. Unending feast ere feasting days be gone.
- 31-34. Stream joining stream where women fought the Don. Spelt e or i; the former try.
37. My mighty wine-bowl's open to the blue.

39. Shun being this by doing 42.
42. Achievement slight in measure or degree.
- 44-50. To be in this no one will this to be.
- 45-47. Here widow's son alive again became.
46. Of tree in Sandwich islands this the name.
48. Two-thirds of Pharaoh's Rat (so known at home).
- 51-52. Its rocky sides are lapped around by foam.
56. By sound if not by sight is solved with ease.
- 58-54. From fish obtained for hierachal fees.
59. Its walls are washed by north Levantine seas.

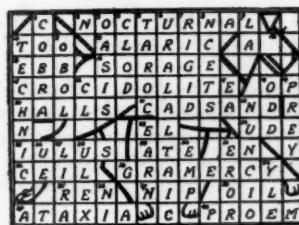
Down.

1. In getting to the point they're rather slow.
2. Take Cash, he said, and let the Credit go.
3. A son (for help give 49 a look).
5. An article best known with holy book.
6. Drawn from his poke at 10 o'clock by clown.
7. Reverse me my complexion will be brown.
8. Unhearing ears obeyed this word's behest.
10. Holland; but surely Holland's farther west.
- 13-14. Anachronistic crematorium.
- 18 rev. Mirth-giving lady's nephew Don become.
19. When modest one degree of strife by book.
20. Hero patriarchal "saints" asylum took.
21. A mountain province in the Nearer East.
22. May hold your tea; may hold you too (deceased).
- 24-35. Italian town in Kansas headless shown.
29. We till the soil within the torrid zone.
32. Uncompromisingly maintain or own.
33. An upper cutter making sounds just so.
36. Once once, now merely serves to make my foe.
38. Price twopence, tilts the nose in U.S.A.
40. A basin (molten once), liquid to-day.
41. Burs of the aster clan, cockle or clot,
43. This carries this by 40—carries a lot.
44. Whatever things you this will be your own.
49. With 3 I'm low; never was I alone.
53. Let this be this; it comes of ill if more.
- 55-57. Is-this revives a famed progenitor.

Envoy.

A COMIC VILLAIN SHE'LL TAX HIGH:
All unchecked letters herein lie.

"ANTICIPATION": SOLUTION



NOTES

Across.

2. "Terror by night" (Ps. xci, 5).
10. "This too, too solid flesh" ("Hamlet," I, 2).
12. Was buried in the bed of the river with the treasure he had amassed.
20. As opposed to the "legitimate" stage,
25. Æneas bearing Anchises ("Eneid," II).

Down.

4. Clod-hopper.
- 9-8. Two meanings.
17. Half of ea-ch.
19. Judges v, 30.
- 30-31. "The honey bees" ("Henry V," I, 2).
34. Ely-mas (Acts xiii, 8).

RESULT OF RHYMING CROSS WORD No. III

The winner is Mr. Richard Wilson, "Ascalon," Little Eaton, Derby, who has chosen for his prize 'All Passion Spent,' by V. Sackville West. (Hogarth Press, 7s. 6d.). He was also the winner of No. 1, and as he did not compete for No. 2 it is the more remarkable!

"A number of solutions to competitions are disqualified every week because they reach the Editor too late for adjudication. Competitors are asked to note the closing dates of the competitions and to post their solutions in good time."

ACROSTICS

PUBLISHER'S PRIZE

The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the acrostic appears.

RULES

1. The book must be chosen when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 481

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, June 25)

WHOM HAVE WE HERE? THE SELF-APPROVING BOY
WHO SAT APART A DAINTY TO ENJOY.
HIS CHRISTIAN NAME PERFORCE WE MUST OMIT;
THE DAINTY WILL OUR SECOND PILLAR FIT.

1. Famed southern province west of rapid Rhone.
2. Delete a moiety of root well known.
3. This coin transposed becomes a Surrey brewer.
4. Labour curtail which may fatigue the doer.
5. Antipodean bird, a snake-destroyer.
6. Cribbing the cash that's held for one's employer.
7. The murmurous noise by winged workers made.
8. Heart of an ancient Scottish border-raid.
9. Who laid the egg that LUTHER hatched behead.
10. Take half your sister's son, alive or dead.
11. Core of a cloth intended to conceal.
12. To him, in case of need, we can appeal.

Solution of Acrostic No. 479

T	elescop	E ¹	1 From two Greek words meaning to see, at a distance.
H	eigir	A ²	2 The flight of Mohammed from Mecca, July 15, 622, from which is dated the Mohammedian era.
I	mminen	T	3 The dark cavern between earth and Hades.
S	ilhouett	E	4 A river in the infernal regions of classical mythology. See 'Paradise Lost,' ii. 578:—"Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate."
L	odge	R	5 A large dog of great intelligence, a strong swimmer.
E	nvo	I	
O	striche	S	
F	og-signa	L	
M	alag	A	
A	chero	N ⁴	
Newfoundland	D ⁵		

ACROSTIC NO. 479.—The winner is "Gay," Mrs. Wilson Frazer, 6 College Gardens, Dulwich, S.E.21, who has selected as her prize 'The Life and Adventures of Carl Laemmle,' by John Drinkwater, published by Heinemann and reviewed in our columns by Mark Forrest on June 6 under the title "Uncle Carl." Fourteen competitors chose 'Seventy Fathoms Deep with the Divers of the Salvage Ship Artiglio,' twelve named 'With Mystics and Magicians in Tibet,' eleven 'Thomas Hardy: A Critical Study,' etc.

Also CORRECT.—A. E., Barberry, E. Barrett, Bobs, Mrs. Ross H. Boothroyd, Boris, Carlton, Miss Carter, Bertram R. Carter, Farsdon, J. Fincham, Cyril E. Ford, Fossil, Iago, Madge, Martha, J. F. Maxwell, Met, N. O. Sellam, Penelope, F. M. Petty, Peter, Sisyphus, St. Ives, Trinculo, Tyro, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson.

One LIGHT WRONG.—Ali, Boote, Boskerris, J. Chambers, Clam, Ganes, Glamis, Mrs. Milne, Rabbits, Shrub, H. M. Vaughan, Mrs. Mouldsdale Williams.

Two LIGHTS WRONG.—D. L., T. Hartland, A. M. W. Maxwell. All others more.

Light 10 baffled 6 solvers; Lights 4 and 7, 4; Lights 1 and 9, 2; Lights 2 and 8, 1.

ACROSTIC NO. 478.—Correct : Clam.

RESULT OF OUR THIRTY-FIFTH QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—The winner is "Tyro," Lt.-Colonel G. D. Symonds, Ildean House, Kingston, nr. Canterbury, who is requested to choose a book, not exceeding Two Guineas in value, from any of those reviewed in our columns during the past three months. Tyro scored 148 points out of a possible 150; A. E., Carlton, Met, N. O. Sellam, and Sisyphus, 146; Madge and St. Ives, 145; Clam, Fossil and Peter, 144.

THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

AT the opening of the Stock Exchange last Monday a rather firmer tendency was imparted to the prices of the various German Government Bonds as a result of the news that over the week-end the Reichsbank had raised its rate from 5 per cent. to 7 per cent. One cannot help wondering, however, whether Germany's very serious financial troubles can be materially assisted by the raising of the rate of its central institution, and whether it will prove more than a very temporary palliative. In view of the fact that it would appear that Germany's financial position will prove a material factor for the stock markets during the next few weeks, it may be opportune to go over the sequence of events which have led to the recent position. The proposed German-Austrian Union started the ball rolling by leading to a withdrawal of credits from Germany, presumably on political grounds. Further impetus to the movement was given by the news of the banking troubles in Austria which also led to withdrawal of funds from Germany through nervousness. Then came Dr. Bruening's visit to Chequers, and the world was made cognizant of the parlous position of Germany's finances. This resulted in further funds being withdrawn from Germany and a flight from the mark by Germans themselves. The Reichsbank endeavoured to meet this situation by purchasing foreign currencies with some of its gold reserves, the Bank of England's stock alone having been increased by some £7,000,000 as the result of these transactions. Since the war Germany has been a heavy and persistent borrower, the services of her earlier loans being met by the proceeds of those raised subsequently. The bulk of these funds has been obtained from America, and over \$2,500,000,000 is said to have found its way across the Atlantic in one form or another. During the recent crisis American withdrawals of money from Germany have been particularly heavy. Criticism is being levelled at American bankers for their nervousness.

It is being suggested that they lend money to Europe, but the moment there is the slightest sign of trouble, they ask for it back. It is thought, however, that this criticism may not be very fair, inasmuch as there is another reason which prompts a lender to reclaim borrowed money, that is, it is required at home. Now while, admittedly, America has sterilized in the vaults of her central bank far more gold than she can possibly require, many of the banking institutions in America are passing through very difficult days. Those in the middle West in particular are said to be feeling more acutely than others the present period of unparalleled depression. These banks, it is suggested, have outstanding real estate loans running into several thousands of millions of dollars. It is further suggested that more than half of these loans cannot be liquidated. The banks, therefore, have had to draw in their resources, and it is believed that this movement is responsible for a good portion of the money that has returned across the Atlantic from Berlin during recent weeks. The outlook, financially, of Germany does not depend entirely on these American lenders. Her home political position is bound to play a big part. If, as is believed to be the case, Germany is desirous of a revision of the Reparation Debt question, it is only natural that she should assist her cause by making out the position to be as bad as possible. This, unquestionably, she has done. It is very doubtful, however, whether she has indulged in any very serious exaggeration, as the financial position in Germany is

believed to be very parlous. The Vienna banking troubles certainly have shaken confidence in Central European institutions. Since the incident there have been minor runs on other institutions, not merely in that city but in the neighbouring States. It is known that many foreign banks are feeling keenly the world-wide depression through which we are passing. It is possible that any one of these institutions may find it impossible to continue financing its business. A fresh shock of this nature would have very serious repercussions on Germany, as it would re-shake the already undermined confidence. It does not come within the scope of these notes to discuss the political aspect of this question. It would appear, however, that if Dr. Bruning's Cabinet were to fall, a serious German financial position would arise; while on the other hand, if he remains in office, there are those who think an orderly collapse must in due course materialize. This German position is likely to loom large during the next few months and to be the predominating influence on Continental bourses. Anything in the nature of a sustained revival in America and a re-creation of confidence would materially ameliorate the position. As it is, one can only hope that the co-operation which exists between the central banks will enable the very serious financial problems, which Germany presents, to be dealt with without precipitating financial trouble over a very wide range.

J. LYONS AND CO.

There are certain companies that appear to have succeeded in maintaining profits, despite the general conditions, and among their number is J. Lyons and Company, whose report for the year ended March 31 last shows not merely no falling off in its figures, but actually a profit which is a record in the Company's history. The dividend on the Ordinary and "A" Ordinary shares is maintained at its previous level of 22½ per cent. for the year. Although at the present price this does not show a high yield, it is felt that these shares should be well worth locking away as a really first-class industrial investment.

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO.

Another Company equally well known to J. Lyons and Company is also able to reassure its shareholders with the information that, despite the reduced purchasing power of the masses, its profits are well maintained—The Boots Pure Drug Company Ltd. Here we find profits amounting to £722,264, which is merely some £2,000 less than those for the preceding year, a really excellent achievement in view of the conditions ruling during the period under review. Ordinary shareholders of Boots shares receive, in addition to their 24 per cent. in dividends, a bonus of 5 per cent., free of tax, which distribution has been made for the past three years. Boots Ordinary shares can also be classed as a thoroughly sound industrial holding likely to appreciate as time goes on.

HOVIS LTD.

The third report to which attention is drawn to-day, is that of Hovis Ltd. Here we find profits amounting to £92,496, which are slightly higher than those of last year. The balance sheet discloses a strong financial position, and shareholders are justified in being satisfied with the manner in which their directors have handled their interests.

HOME RAILWAY DEBENTURES

Prices in the Home Railway market during recent months have depreciated to a very large extent. It is felt that the first Debentures of our Home Railways can be deemed really safety-first investments.

TAURUS

Company Meeting

CALLENDER'S CABLE AND CONSTRUCTION

YEAR'S RESULTS AND PROSPECTS

The 35th ordinary general meeting of Callender's Cable and Construction Co., Ltd., was held on June 17 at the Waldorf Hotel, London, W.C.

Sir J. Fortescue Flannery, Bt., D.L., M.Inst.C.E. (the chairman) said that they were able to come before shareholders with confidence and congratulation that the company had fared so well in these depressing surroundings of bad trade throughout the world. After making every necessary deduction the directors were able to recommend a dividend on the ordinary shares at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum.

They had done a very large trade in cables for new buildings, both in connexion with a number of gigantic buildings of many stories in towns, and in connexion with comparatively small houses in newly developed areas in the country.

Their foreign connexion had not diminished, but the number of orders during the latter part of 1930 were undoubtedly affected by the international depression in trade. They looked forward to the resumption of their Foreign and Colonial business in its full flow as soon as the inevitable recovery arose in trade. As to Great Britain they might reasonably hope that with the general revival of trade, cable making generally, and Callender's Company in particular, would not be the last to participate with profit to the customers, to the workers and to the shareholders.

Sir T. O. Callender, Kt., J.P., M.I.E.E. (deputy-chairman and managing director), said that among the new developments to which the company had given special attention was that of the electrification of the railways. Only a small portion of the railways of this country was at present electrified, but the extension of electricity for that purpose was considered by all concerned as of primary importance. The company had carried out the conversion of one of the suburban lines from Manchester to Altrincham, jointly owned by the L.M.S. and L.N.E. Railways.

They had always carried out a certain amount of work in ship wiring, but had recently opened a new department under the charge of his son, Mr. T. O. Callender. It had proved of considerable service, and in the last few days they had received orders for the cabling on board the giant Cunarder now being built by Messrs. John Brown and Co. on the Clyde. They had also received substantial orders for cables in nearly every quarter of England, and also Scotland, including Perth, with the result that their works at Erith were now fully occupied.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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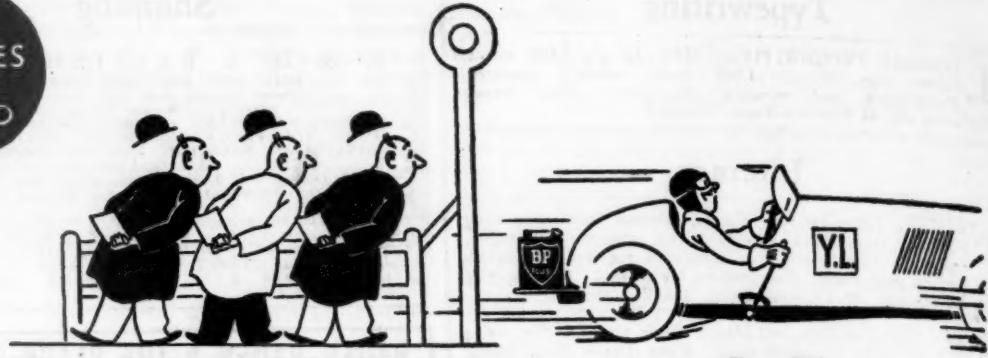
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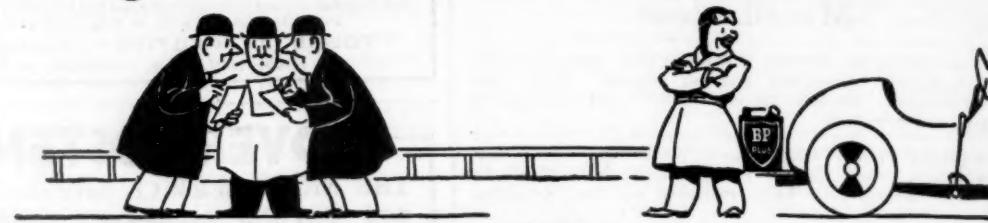
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